1283

The Orchestra

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

No. 65, VOL. III. LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1864. (Stamped) 4d. (Unstamped) 3d.

NOTICE.—"THE ORCHESTRA" is published, for the Proprietors, every FRIDAY at TWO O'CLOCK, by ADAMS & FRANCIS, 59, Fleet-street, E.C.

"THE ORCHESTRA" for GERMANY and EASTERN EUROPE.—Mr. LUDWIG DENICKE, of LEIPZIG, begs to announce that he has made arrangements for a weekly supply of "THE ORCHESTRA." The subscription will be 1½ thaler for three months; 3 thalers for six months; and 6 for twelve. Issued at Leipzig on Thursday.

Orders to be sent direct to LUDWIG DENICKE, Leipzig, Germany.

*** German Advertisements for "THE ORCHESTRA" also received by LUDWIG DENICKE, as above.

NOTICE.—TO MUSIC PUBLISHERS.—All ADVERTISEMENTS for "THE ORCHESTRA" must be sent not later that 4 o'clock on THURSDAY, to

ADAMS & FRANCIS, 59, Fleet-street, E.C. or to 55, King-street, Regent-street, W.

MISS KATE GORDON will Play at Brighton on Dec. 23rd; Bury, Jan. 14th; Liverpool, 18th; Newcastle, 21st; Partick (Glasgow), 25th; City Hall, Glasgow, 28th. Communications respecting engagements *en route* to be addressed to her residence, 82, ST. GEORGE'S-ROAD, Warwick-square, Belgravia.

MDLLE. LOUISE VAN NOORDEN begs to announce that her Provincial Engagements conclude at Sunderland, the 28th inst., and will return to town on the 29th. All communications respecting Oratorio and Concert Engagements in town and country to be addressed to her residence, 115, GREAT RUSSELL-STREET, Bloomsbury-square.

MISS JULIA WOOLF will Play her new Pianoforte Piece, "THE FLOWING TIDE," at her concert, on Wednesday evening, Dec 28th, at the HANOVER-SQUARE ROOMS.

MISS JULIA WOOLF will Perform her new "TARANTELLE" at her Concert, on the 28th inst., at the Hanover-square Rooms.

MDME. R. SYDNEY PRATTEN will Perform two Grand Solos on the Guitar at Miss Julia Woolf's Concert, on Wednesday Evening next. To commence at 8 precisely.

MADAME SAINTON DOLBY begs to announce that she will return to town for the season immediately after Christmas, when her vocal meetings and private lessons will be resumed. 5, UPPER WIMPOLE-STREET, Cavendish-square.

MISS JULIA ELTON will Sing in "Elijah," at Cambridge, on December 7th; Southampton, 13th; Weymouth, 15th; Edinburgh, 31st, and January 2nd; Hamilton, 3rd; Edinburgh ("Messiah"), 4th. All letters respecting engagements to be addressed 45, BURTON CRESCENT, W.C.

MISS ROSE HERSEE will Sing this day Nov. 24th, at Canterbury; 28th, Leicester; 29th, Walworth; 30th, Whittington Hall; Dec. 1st, Croydon; 6th, Albion Hall; 31st, Saturday Concerts, Aberdeen; Jan. 2nd, New Year Festival, Aberdeen; 6th, Saturday Concerts, Aberdeen; March 6th, Maidstone; 15th, Faversham, and can accept engagements *en route*.—2, CRESCENT-PLACE, Burton-Crescent, W.C.

MADAME ELWOOD ANDREA (Contralto) has returned to town for the season.

Letters respecting engagements for Oratorios, Concerts, or Pupils to be addressed to 12, BEAUFOY TERRACE, MAIDA VALE, W.

MRS. MEREST (late Maria B. Hawes), CONTRALTO.—All applications for Oratorios, Concerts, Lessons, to be addressed to 7, ADELPHI TERRACE, Strand.

MISS AUSTIN (Contralto). All Letters respecting engagements or Pupils to be addressed, care of Messrs. CRAMER & Co., 201, Regent-street.

MADAME WINTER (PIANISTE), begs that all communications referring to Concert Engagements or to Pupils, may be addressed to her, 49, CARLTON ROAD, Maida Vale, or at Messrs. CRAMER & Co., 201, Regent-street.

MONS. LEMARIE, Solo Violinist, premier prix du Conservatoire, Paris, having successfully fulfilled his engagements at the Crystal Palace Saturday Concerts, Hanover-square Rooms, Royal Pavilion, Brighton, &c., is now open to engagements. Would be happy to treat for a provincial tour. Address, S. WARD'S CHARING-CROSS MUSIC WAREHOUSE, 437, Strand, W.C.

MESSRS. BOOTH beg to inform Ladies and Gentlemen that they give Lessons on the Pianoforte, Violin, Violoncello, and Guitar. They also accept engagements for Matinées, Soirées, and Concerts. All communications referring to it may be addressed to their residence, FLORENCE HOUSE, 3, Chepstow-villas, Bayswater, W.

MR. FERDINAND BOOTH (Solo Violoncellist) requests that all engagements be addressed to his residence, 3, CHEPSTOW VILLAS, Florence House, Bayswater

MR. JOHN RHODES gives Lessons as usual in town on Saturdays: Pianoforte, Singing, and Harmony. Address, Mr. JOHN RHODES, CROYDON, S.

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On Monday next, Dec. 26 (and during the week), the performances will commence, at Seven o'Clock, with Benedict's opera, in one act

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A SPECIAL MORNING PERFORMANCE of the PANTOMIME on SATURDAY, Dec. 31, and a Morning Performance every Monday, at Two o'Clock.

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On Wednesday, Dec. 28th, will be produced a new Comic Opera, in one act, entitled,

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N.B.—SPECIAL MORNING PERFORMANCES of the PANTOMIME will take place on TUESDAYS and SATURDAYS in each week, the first to take place on Tuesday, the 27th inst. Children under twelve years of age half-price, except to the pit, which will be 1s. 6d.; large family boxes, not limited to the number of admissions, from One Guinea.—Box-office open daily. HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

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NEW PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—NOTICE.—Members are informed that Mr. T. H. WRIGHT has resigned the Secretaryship, and that Mr. J. BEAVAN, of 25, Great Western Terrace, Paddington, has been appointed; to whom in future all communications respecting the Society are to be addressed.

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THE PROFESSION'S CHRISTMAS.

It was Christmas Day in the morning, methought, and the Profession had met to dine—met amicably and in good faith. How or why the Profession had come together I am not prepared to say. Perhaps it was merely in a dream, perhaps in an entranced vision, or perhaps only in the vision of a scribe hard up for copy. It could not have actually occurred in this year of grace Eighteen hundred and sixty-four, because you see it is not Christmas yet. No matter. It *was* this year, and doesn't signify how it occurred. I do not care a brass farthing (or a Venn's piano, which is equivalent in value) how it happened. I am contented to know that happen it did.

The Profession came to dine; to celebrate Christmas righteously. They were all there—the most incongruous elements. The musical lion had determined to lie down with the lyrical lamb, on this occasion only. Composer was to meet composer, and yet no tug of war happen. Actor, however sensitive, was to come in contact with actor, however jealous, and yet no blood should be spilt. When Apollo met Venus by assignation at Rhodes, the earth was glad, I fancy. The old humbugs who wrote Greek and Latin abominations to aggravate modern society tell us it rained gold at that time—by way of commemorating the meeting of Beauty's King with Beauty's Queen. Ah, very well. What would the elements have done at *this* meeting, if the elements had only been free agents—which they are not now-a-days? Rain gold indeed! It seldom rains gold in these times, though it often hails notes. That is, the House does, when Susan Galton sings.

Well, there were a lot of them there. Mr. Bebster and Mr. Woucicault arrived arm-in-arm; the Wizard of the North had accepted a seat in the Brothers Davenport's cab—at least cabinet; Signor Eidos Aeides had come with Professor Pepper; and two stumpy legs were heard bearing up stairs, uniped Donato and monopod Capella. Mrs. Brown had called for Mrs. Lirriper; and in many other cases there were six Richmonds in the field, each amicably consorting with his Richard. In honour of the happy time Dr. Cumming had been asked; and he was very conceited at the notion that the Millennium had really commenced.

The Musical profession was there, so was the dramatic profession. Likewise was the Trade. The Trade was held in honour that day; they had often fêted the Profession; they were to meet their own fête now. So an orchestra was carefully concealed behind the hats and cloaks in the passage, and as the publishers entered each was greeted with a symbolical air, which was appropriate and jocular. The following airs, for example, were played in honour of the publishers respectively:—

"Had I a heart for falsehood framed"...Crammer (unlimited).
"Bright Chanticleer proclaims the morn." Cocks & Co.
"We are na fou"..... Boosey.
"Should he upbraid, I'll own that he prevail." Met-slur.
"Water the wild waves saying?" ..... Ewer.
"Cannon to right of 'em"..... Schott.
"The village chime" ..... Chappell.
"When the wind blows" ..... Mills.

And there were many others, of which record faileth to tell.

Well, they were all assembled; the trade much gratified with their reception. Methought in my vision (it must have been a vision, I have been brought to believe,) there was neither host nor hostess in the house where the meeting was held. Probably it was a joint-stock affair. I saw several portions of mutton, beef, pork, and many other meats. They also were joint-stock. There was no host, but a Managing Director had been appointed, and I thought it was Mr. Bustle, of ye Englishe Opera Companie. He was evidently in a flurry, as he marshalled the people the way that they should go, like the dagger in "*Macbeth*."

"Now then—oh dear goodness me, do get yourselves in order my good friends," said Mr. Bustle. "There that's it; you know we shall never get to dinner unless somebody looks after the arrangements. Mr. Bebster, you will take down Mr. Woucicault; Lord Shaftesbury, Bishop Colenso is under your charge. Wizard, will you take Eidos Aeides? Commodore Nutt will escort Madame Parepa, and Signor Marchesi will perform the like good office with Miss Minnie Warren. Hudibras, my boy——"

"Don't mind me, dear boy," answered he addressed.

"Oh nonsense," returned Mr. Bustle; "we are going to find you a place as well as all the rest."

"That's a good fellow." The Modern Hudibras wrung his hands affectionately.

"If you will go down with the translator of '*Faust*'——"

The Modern Hudibras stared. He quivered. But with a heroism which nothing but the Millennial occasion *could* have evoked, he bowed, stuck an unquailing glass in his eye, and walked majestically down to dinner with the translator of "*Faust*" back to back and never uttering a word.

They had a first-class dinner. Not only the conventional turkey, beef, plum pudding and mince pie, but several dishes of a more delicate character.

"Mr. Kenilworth," said the Managing Director, "allow me to send you a score of oysters."

"Thanks," returned the eminent composer, good-humouredly, "but I never appreciate any score but my own."

The sentiment was not millennial, and a scowl spread over the profession. "A dangerous joke," whispered the translator of "*Faust*" to his friend; "you have touched some sensitive chords."

"Chords be hanged," exclaimed the jocular gentleman.

"Pardon me: cords hang, they are not hanged: active, not passive. Come; that's not a bad joke—eh?"

The Modern Hudibras overheard and sneered. Oh, that was an awful sneer? It was audible all over the house.

"I have here," said a celebrated publisher, "a dish, but can't discover what it is. Can anyone enlighten me."

"You ought to know, sir," replied one of the artists, "for you have had to do with that dish before now. It is a Hashed Oratorio."

A German gentleman at the bottom of the table groaned.

"Try a little Worcester sauce with it, old fellow," said somebody. "You will find it one of the rarest hashes of the times."

There was another condiment of great value at table. It was entitled Curried Favour, and many of the professional guests partook of it in company with some gentlemen of the press. Altogether it was an uncommonly good dinner.

When the ladies had retired (Commodore Nutt held the door with great vigour), the gentlemen drew up their chairs and prepared for the pleasures of the true Briton—that of making speeches. Dessert was over; the orchestra had played "God bless the happy Pear," in delicate allusion to the fruit. The usual jokes had been made about Pyne and Mellon, of course. There are certain members of the profession who cannot help making those jokes, as there are certain people at social suppers who *must* make that venerable joke on trifle and tongue. The chairs had been drawn up, and the speeches commenced. They drank Her Majesty, and the Editor of the *Queen* replied. They drank the Prince of Wales, and the Modern Hudibras, in conjunction with Mr. Britchley Rinnards, returned thanks, as the Prince's own laureate and composer. The army and navy was then drunk, and the company were undecided how to celebrate the toast. Mr. Fitzbolleroo wished to sing "Oh! let me like a soldier fall;" but that was negatived, as it was the health and not the death of the soldier which was desired. At length matters were compromised by a celebrated composer giving

"*Army virumque canoe*"

in recitative, and that met the difficulty by combining the army with the navy (symbolised by the canoe). Dr. Wrongbolt had endeavoured to make joke about Navy and Nava, but, being warned, he desisted.

And then the Trade was drunk!

In what terms—in what glowing language shall I describe the speech which spoke the eulogium of Music Publishing? Ah me!—I am not a Derby; I am not even a Pope, who led a happy life in sticking bad adjectives into decasyllabic lines. I cannot do justice to that toast, which was proposed by the translator of "*Faust*" in most eloquent terms. He was always a scholar and gentleman, was that translator.

And the reply was equally grand. A tall and stately publisher rose to reply; a big man, the representative of a big house. His speech was grand, also slightly complicated. He spoke of the mighty growth of commerce—publishing commerce—of the beauties of copyright, the dawning charms of the upright and oblique. "And gentlemen," said he virtuously, "when I say—or rather when I speak—speak of the growth of enterprise and—yes enterprise; I need not point out to you that—that—a—wealthy houses are always disposed to accommodate themselves to the means of customers of restricted incomes. (cheers.) Wherefore by a philanthropic regulation rare facilities are offered to the public, by which at the end of three years hirers of—"

The remainder of the speech was drowned in tumultuous applause.

At this period coffee was served, and as the fragrant beverage tickled the nostrils of the company, the following song was unanimously called for and given:—

"I'm Aroma" ..... Mr. Patey.

Mr. Ap-Mutton rose to propose the next toast, though why toast he (Mr. Ap-M.) was squeezed to say. Or if it was not a toast, it (the toast) might be anything else, but it (the matter, circumstance, or purport) was hard to say what it (the toast) might be. And where wit lay (in parenthesis) and nothing was witty but what was (parenthetical) or else (tautologically referent to some antecedent) or else (utterly incomprehensible), people began to tire of linked idiocies long drawn out, and of the wit of beer and tavern and unmeaning patronymics. Mr. Ap-M. continued at some length—in fact till the company could stand it no longer and stopped his circulation.

The Modern Hudibras then volunteered to recite some of his own verses. (Hear, hear.) They were satirical—(Oh, oh!)—and had been composed with noble contempt of the base, shackling, hampering, abhorrent fetters of metre, which every scullery-wench could achieve by counting on her greasy fingers. He himself held the practice vile, and his dekasyllabics were much admired in consequence. The Modern Hudibras then delivered himself of the following

DENUNCIATORY DEKASYLLABICS.

The *Athneem** is a Beast, I beg to state;
Th' *Hortcultral Magzine*† I detest and hate.
No poet born writes accents comme il faut—
Not even Tennyson and Longfellow.
And as for Charley—which his name it aren't—
He never wrote a c'rect line yet, for the simple reason‡ he can't.
Him I have proved a pest; but, then, so
Are Spurgeon, "Faust," Anonyma, Crin'line, also Clenso.§

The Modern Hudibras had hardly completed the eighth line when there was a row. The Millennium broke up. All thought of Christmas was gone—all consideration for peace and good will vanished; and the Profession went at it. There was a row directly—a row which may be characterised as awful. Amid the smash and clatter and punching of heads my vision broke up, long before the men joined the ladies and before even the introduction of the mistletoe.

* *Athenæum*, abbreviated for metrical reasons.
† *Horticultural Magazine*, ditto, ditto, ditto.
‡ Please pronounce as one syllable.
§ The Bishop of Natal.

Provincial.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENTS.]

MANCHESTER.

Dec. 22nd.

FREE TRADE HALL.—MR. CHARLES HALLE'S GRAND CONCERTS.—The experiment of last year, that of combining orchestra and chorus with a military band, was repeated last Thursday. The success was complete, as well with regard to the effects produced as to the audience attracted, for the hall was crowded. The following pieces were performed:—

Overture, "Zauberflöte" ..... *Mozart*
Chorus, "Grand Isis, grand Osiris," *(Zauberflöte)* .... *Mozart*
Rondo brillante, in B ..... *Mendelssohn*
Pianoforte, Mr. Charles Hallé.
Hunters' Chorus, "The sun's gay beams," *(Euryanthe)* *Weber*
Musette from "Mirella" (by desire) ..... *Gounod*
Prisoners' Chorus, "Oh, what delight," *(Fidelio)* .. *Beethoven*
Grand Symphony, in G, "The Surprise" ..... *Haydn*
Overture, for Two Bands, "L'Etoile du Nord" .... *Meyerbeer*
Chorus, "Away, keep silence," *(Les Deux Journées)* *Cherubini*
Ballet Music from "La Reine de Saba," (first time) .. *Gounod*
Soldiers' Chorus, with Band and Military Band *(Faust)* *Gounod*
Grand March, for Two Bands *(Tannhäuser)* ..... *Wagner*
Hunters' Chorus, "What equals on earth," *(Freischütz)* *Weber*
Coronation March, for Two Bands, *(The Prophet)* .. *Meyerbeer*

Of the combined performances, the Soldier's Chorus from "*Faust*," produced the greatest sensation, being tumultuously applauded and encored. It is truly a soul-stirring composition, breathing the martial ardour of warriors "ready to fight, and ready to die for Fatherland." Gradually increasing in intensity, it works up to a climax in which all the force is combined, and fairly takes the audience by storm. Meyerbeer's overture to "*L'Etoile du Nord*," is a striking piece of writing, abounding in full effects, and remarkable for a secondary part, in which the wind instruments and the harp are beautifully combined. Towards the close the stringed and military bands are heard in opposition, making an animated finish. The march from "*Tannhauser*" is spirited, and the two bands are handled with a due knowledge of orchestral effect. Still it appeared to us somewhat patchy, and the subjects hardly original. The march from "*Le Prophète*" was the only other piece employing the two bands, and deserves all praise both to composer and and to executants. Mr. Chas. Hallé gave one of his charming pianoforte solos—tho "Andante" and "Rondo capriccioso" of Mendelssohn. In the former the beautiful cantabile subjects were finely developed, in the rondo the articulation was perfect, despite the speed, which was tremendous. The choruses employed the male voices only, and of these the most remarkable was the "Prisoners' chorus," from "*Fidelio*." What a wonderful composition—genius in every bar of it—how it speaks the very feelings of the poor prisoners released for a brief space to breathe the pure air of heaven. "Their dungeon is but night," and from each cell the occupants emerge with the words, "Oh, what delight!" piling up the harmony till it forms a jubilant chord of praise. Weber's two hunting choruses were well sung—we prefer our old friend from "*Der Freischutz*." The grand, massive chorus of priests, from "*Zauberflöte*," was given with firmness, and had the advantage of being preceded by the overture to the opera itself, and this served to display the superiority of the stringed portion of the orchestra. We wish to give great praise to the chorus from "*Les deux Journées*" of Cherubini. It is very dramatic in character, appropriately instrumented, and deserved much more applause than it received. The "*Musetta*" from "*Mirella*," is likely to become a great favourite—"repeated by desire." It was encored as heartily as on its first production. It only remains for us to notice the symphony, "The Surprise," by Haydn, which concluded the first part. To performers competent to grapple with the difficulties of Spohr, Mendelssohn, or Beethoven, Haydn's music must be child's play, and it is therefore not to be wondered at that the symphony went to absolute perfection.——Monday evening concerts. The tenth of the series took place at the FREE TRADE HALL on Monday last. Miss Sara Dobson was the principal vocalist, for whom an apology was made, by the conductor, Mr. Banks, on the score of severe cold. She sang very nicely in spite of her indisposition a song by Massé, one of Gounod, "Scenes that are brightest," from "*Maritana*," and took the principal part in the finale to "*Cinderella*," and in the *miserere* scene from the "*Trovatore*." Mr. Alfred Wroe, of Bury, Lancashire, deserves great praise for his excellent interpretation of the favourite song, "The village blacksmith," which was deservedly encored. Master Willie Pape was again the solo pianist, and played several pieces in a masterly style. The chorus sang with admirable precision; we would instance the style in which "Under the greenwood tree" was given. After the few first bars it was evident that an encore was inevitable. The proprietors of the hall having reserved to themselves the right of giving an entertainment during the Christmas and New Year's weeks, these concerts will of necessity be suspended for the next two Mondays.——At the PRINCE'S THEATRE the engagements of Messrs. Toole and Paul Bedford terminated on Saturday last, on which occasion Mr. Toole addressed the audience, thanking them for the reception awarded to himself and to Mr. Paul Bedford. This being done—and well done—in his own manner, he returned thanks after the manner of Buckstone, Webster, Phelps, Charles Kean, and Compton. The imitations were excellent, and elicited roars of laughter. This week the "*Cricket on the Hearth*" will be given for two nights, by particular desire of many who wish again to see Toole's admirable acting in *Caleb Plummer*. The theatre will then be closed till Christmas Eve, when will be produced the pantomime "*Mother Goose, and the Queen of Hearts who made the Tarts, and the Knave of Hearts who Ate them.*" Some novel effects in scenery and costume are promised. The music is by Mr. F. Wallerstein. ——THE QUEEN'S THEATRE will be closed during the first five nights of this week, to prepare for the new pantomime "*Humpty Dumpty; or, the Princess, the Peri, and the Pearl Diver.*"

LIVERPOOL.

DEC. 22ND.

I inadvertently ommitted in my last to enclose the program of Mr. E. W. Thomas's chamber concert, which is now appended; and your printer by not putting the proper stops, made me say the concert would be given at the QUEEN'S OPERETTA HOUSE. The paragraph should have read, "the next concert will be given 27th inst. At the Queen's Operetta House '*La Sonnambula*' was produced," &c.

Quartet (Op. 64, No. 1) ..... *Haydn*
Two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello.
Allegro moderato, in D Major—Adagio Cantabile, in A Major—Minuetto and Trio, in D Major and Minor—Finale Vivace in D Major.
Sonato (Op. 6, No. 1, in F Major) ..... *Beethoven*
Pianoforte and Violoncello, Messieurs. Ernst Pauer and Vieuxtemps.
Adagio Sostenuto—Allegro—Rondo, Allegro Vivace.
Solo Violin,
Mr. E. W. Thomas, accompanied by Herr Ernst Pauer.
Adagio (in E Minor, from the 11th Concerto) ..... *Spohr*
Preludio (in E Major, from the 6th Sonato) ..... *Bach*
With pianoforte accompaniment, by Robert Schumann.
Quartet (No. 7, in D) ..... *Mozart*
Two Violins, Viola, and Violincello.
Allegretto — Andante — Minuet and Trio — Rondo Finale, Allegretto.
Solo Pianoforte ..... *Herr Ernst Pauer*
Impromptu (in B flat, Op. 132) ..... *Franz Schubert*
Rondo Brilliant (Op. 62) ..... *Carl Maria Von Weber*
Quartet (Op. 3, in B Minor) ..... *Mendelssohn*
Pianoforte, Violin, Viola, and Violoncello, Messrs. Ernst Pauer, E. W. Thomas, Bernhardt, and Vieuxtemps.
Allegro Molto—Andante—Scherzo, Allegro Molto—Finale Allegro Vivace.

Musically we have little to report this week.—— The Philharmonic Society gave the "*Messiah*" on Tuesday evening, with Mdme. Rudersdorf, Mdme. Laura Baxter, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Lewis Thomas. The same oratorio will be given on Monday the 26th, at ST. GEORGE'S HALL, with Miss Armstrong, Miss Carrodus, Mr. Graham, and Mr. T. J. Hughes. Mr. Armstrong will conduct, and Mr. Best will preside on the grand organ.——At the QUEEN'S OPERETTA HOUSE "*La Sonnambula*" has been alternated with Duggan's "*Leonie*," and to-night (Wednesday), Dibden's "*Quaker*" will be produced. Rolfe is announced to appear in the "*Barbarous Bandit; or, the Sailor's Bride.*" ——*Expectantes expectavimus*, and at last the event has taken place. The long promised "*Woman in Mauve*" was produced on Monday evening last, at Mr. Henderson's theatre. The piece is called an "original sensational comedy" and is written by Watts Phillips, Esq. And now for the plot of the most extraordinary stage play it has ever been our lot to behold. The first scene represents the studio of a young artist, *Frank Jocelyn* (Mr. Sothern) the room seemingly overlooking the Thames. In the centre is seated the artist intent upon Wilkie Collins' "*Woman in White*" which he is reading by the aid of electric moonlight: he has arrived at that exciting period when whats-his-name (the hero) comes to the four cross roads somewhere about Hampstead, and suddenly beholds, as though it had sprung from nowhere into space a "*Woman in Mauve.*" Of course it's a "*Woman in White*" with Wilkie Collins. But with *Frank Jocelyn* the words are changed by the sudden irruption into his room of the *Countess* (Miss Edith Stuart), who stands before him in a costume of delicious mauve tulle, which, however, in the electric moonlight appears green. The *Countess* in a most excited manner demands the key of the garden gate, *Frank Jocelyn* in an equally excited (not to say idiotic) manner, requires explanation: meanwhile the fearful effects of procrastination in matters of importance are proclaimed by a pistol-shot, which causes the *Countess* to observe that "it is too late—too late," and to request *Frank Jocelyn's* attention to the fact that *His* (namely, somebody else's) blood is to be upon his head. The *Countess* thereupon vanishes (as she came) through the window, having previously seized the coveted key, which was lying placidly on the artist's table during the contention. In this wise the first scene concludes, and we then behold a view of the garden aforementioned. In the centre is the prostrate figure of a man. The audience, judging from the *Countess's* previous excitement, prematurely concludes that this must be the *Count*, who has been, very probably, murdered. But this is a mistake; at present we don't know who it is, that is to say, we know *now*, but we didn't know *then*; and moreover, he isn't murdered, though he's shot. The *Countess* here enters in a deep faint, or if she isn't in one then, she goes into one without much delay, and *Frank Jocelyn* follows with only one slipper on. The artist's mind is (not unnaturally) slightly purturbed, and the approach of *Beetles*, a policeman (Mr. Hare), with a few assistants does not tend to alleviate the feeling. Conscious that prompt action can alone rescue the lady and himself from a position of imminent peril, he seizes the *Countess* by the waist, and, mounting an empty pedestal, assumes a statuesque attitude, and thus escapes detection. Meanwhile the constabulary removes the body of the mysterious dead one. *Mr. Jocelyn* then deposits the still unconscious *Countess* on the sward, possibly in the hope that the coolness of the night air combined with the probable dampness of the grass may tend to bring her round; and having done this, he takes the oppoptunity to remark that he shall henceforth connect his fate with *Mauve*, which the moonlight, however, perseveringly changes into green. Hereupon enters *Mrs. Beetles*, wife of the policeman above-mentioned (played by Mr. Blakely), who is soon followed by *Mr. Launcelot Harvey* (Mr. Sidney Bancroft), a friend of *Frank's*. To the latter the artist details his adventure; but *Mr. Harvey*, being a surgeon, unhesitatingly declares his friend to be labouring under the combined misfortunes of a weak digestion and intellect. *Frank*, indignant, turns to point out the palpable proof of his story—"*The Woman in Mauve.*" But—she is gone. She has, however, left behind her a scarf and a note; after hurriedly reading the latter, he (*Frank*) envelopes himself in the mauve gauze, and, spreading his umbrella, once more mounts the pedestal, to the astonishment of a number of ballet girls, who have gained admittance to the garden in consequence of the *Countess* having incautiously omitted to lock the gates after her. With this tableau the first act finishes. To describe the effect produced upon the audience is quite beyond the power of an ordinary critic's pen; but the unusually brisk demand for beer at the surrounding publics testified unmistakeably to the debilitating results of the high-interest created by the drama. The second act can be more briefly dismissed than the first. The scene is laid at an hotel at Chamounix (pronounced, *of course, Shamooney*), where we find our friends *Frank* and *Launcelot*, not to mention *Mr.* and *Mrs. Beetles*, who have come into property, and are travelling with a view of learning foreign manners. *Frank* is once more light-hearted; he has forgotten his dark adventure and has no mystery about him but *Bradshaw*. His happiness is destined, however, to be of short duration, for we are now only at the commencement of the second act, and he, as you remember, has already declared his fate to be connected with Mauve. And everyone must have observed that people who are troubled with a fate, never can, according to the best regulated dramas, enjoy a long continued run of happiness; which is no doubt also the case in ordinary life—except, perhaps, in the instance of Napoleon, who enjoys his fête annually, and seems to thrive on it. As you may have opined, the *Countess* turns up at this particular juncture, accompanied by the *Count* (Mr. H. N. Warner), who, please remember, is *not* the man we saw carried out by the constabularly. This *Count* is a prey to jealousy, is of repellant aspect, haughty and proud; he, moreover, is a tiger—or at least says he is—and, indeed, there can be no doubt that he is a person of gross, not to say brutal, manners—for he dresses in a long black cloak, which no one of respectable position would think of doing this winter. The *Count* already "has

his suspicions." But he waits. The *Countess* recognises *Frank*, and *Frank* recognises the *Countess*. She is delighted, but *he*, he is indignant and stigmatizes her following him about as "immoral," which is unfair, considering that she always follows him by accident. However, they agree to meet at about half-past eight in the ruined monastery. They do meet. There is a storm; thunder, not to mention lightning; and likewise alpine snow. Time flies by. The clock — that is to say *a* clock — in fact, the dramatic clock, for of course there is no timepiece in the ruined monastery, strikes nine. *Countess:* My husband!—we are lost. (Clings to *Frank*.) *Frank:* Let go! Don't! I say, drop it. *Count:* Ah! Ah! *Countess*, in despair, seizes *Frank* bodily, and hurls him into a well. The *Count* rushes forward and places the lid above it. Wife beseeches; but the *Count*, waving her disdainfully away, stands upon the lid, and observes that on the whole it would perhaps be advisable if she were to leave well alone, which joke is of course quite new. Curtain. The third act shows us *Frank Jocelyn* still pursued by his fate. He is at Rome, engaged on his new work, "*St. Anthony reading his Breviary by the Light of the Glowworm*," when the *Count* and *Countess* turn up once more. The *Count* seeks out his victim, and burning for revenge, insists on instant satisfaction, an article which *Frank* perseveres in regarding as of a very abstract nature, but which the *Count* speedily resolves into pistols. *Beetles* acts as second to *Frank*, and after a preliminary cursing on either side, the two infatuated men proceed to adjust their differences by that so-called code of honour which must alike be condemned by, and so forth: see sermons on the subject. The *Count* fires first. There is a shriek. A screen falls, likewise the *Countess* who was behind it. She however, rises, and to the intense relief of the now humbled *Count* informs him that the bullet only grazed her ear. She is dressed in a splendid mauve moire, and looks beautiful. The man who was shot at Chelsea was a former lover of hers, a *Lieutenant Fervil*, who finding she had in his absence become "another's," determined to blow his brains out. But he wasn't able to accomplish impossibilities, and so he recovered from the attempt, married some one else, and now comes on the stage and tells us so. The *Countess* who loves the *Count* alone, simply wished all along to express her gratitude to *Frank* for his attention to her, when on that memorable evening, having learned *Mr. Fervil's* intention, she strove so unsuccessfully to prevent it being carried out. The *Count* is satisfied, everybody is satisfied, and the piece is over. . . . Now, what are we to call all this? Is it a farce, an extravaganza, a burlesque? If not, why then what? Let Mr. Watts Phillips reply. He calls it a Sensational comedy, and wanting a better designation we suppose we must be satisfied with the one the author gives us. Nevertheless, we are confident three fourths of the audience went away in a hopeless state of mental muddle, and really don't know yet whether it was an elephant or a mouse they went out for to see. That the piece is written in a most able and brilliant manner there can be no doubt; that it is a splendid satire on our sensation literature, there can be no question; but that it will be, as a stage-play, *a success*, we hesitate to say. From its very nature, the piece must, we think, be empheral. The author no doubt, knows this, but he nevertheless expects a temporary success. We think he has catered for the multitude with caviar, and we are afraid his caviar will only be appreciated by the few. "*The Woman in Mauve*" is a cleverly written piece, but we fear it is, in its style, beyond the comprehension of many people. Of the acting and "get-up," we cannot speak too highly, but we must single out more particularly the acting and dressing of both Mr. Blakeley and Mr. Hare; each of these two gentlemen was eminently successful in his *rôle*. Of Mr. Sothern it is unnecessary to speak. Your readers can quite understand how he played the part of the perplexed artist; he reminded us forcibly of what Charles Mathews used to be. The dresses and scenery were unexceptionable. At the termination Mr. Sothern announced his intention of telegraphing to Mr. Phillips (at present in Paris) the successful result of the first night's representation. The piece will be played during this week, after which it will be withdrawn, Mr. Sothern going to London, and, we presume, will not be played again until Mr. Sothern produces it at the Haymarket. Our pantomimes commence, of course, on Monday next.

BIRKENHEAD.

DEC. 21ST, 1864.

THEATRE ROYAL.—Thursday evening, 15th inst., for the benefit of the Borough Hospital; the bill including "*Delicate Ground*," "*Used up*," "*Mother-in-law and Son-in-law*" ("*Woodcock's little Game*"), and a Ballet with Miss Annie Cushnie. Mr. H. W. Warner as the *Citizen Sangfroid*, Mr. L. J. Sefton as *Alphonse*, and Miss Agnes Ryder as *Pauline*. Mr. Warner was very fair, taking great pains with the part, for which however he has not sufficient light comedy power. He is too heavy, and lacks life in the performance. Mr. L. J. Sefton had a good make up as *Alphonse*, and played the part carefully. In "*Used Up*" Mr. H. W. Warner was again too heavy, and his *Sir Charles Coldstream* was plainly a mistake. Mr. Blakely made a capital *Sir Adonis Leech*, and Mr. Mowbray was a fair *Tom Saville*. Mr. Robe had a remarkably good make up as *Wurzel*, and played the part with great success. Mr. Beaumont Kelly was entrusted with the part of *Ironbrace*, and, though we don't know what line of business this gentleman professes, he was certainly out of it as the *Blacksmith*; *Lady Clutterbuck* was played by Miss Mary Huddart, and Miss Sydney Cowell played and looked well as Mary. "*Woodcock's Little Game*" concluded the performance. Mr. Henderson's impersonation of *Mr. Woodcock* was good as an "amateur" performance and we must congratulate him on his very successful imitation of Mr. Sothern, both in voice manner and gesture. With Mr. Henderson's long experience of the stage, we had thought he would have been free from all the little mannerisms of amateurs, and have been better "posted" in stage business; but we cannot look on his performance otherwise than as an amateur one. Mr. Lionel Brough was very rich as *David* the servant, but we cannot understand his metamorphosis from *Mr. Woodcock's* servant to *Mrs. Larking's* page. Can anyone explain? Miss Huddart as *Mrs. Larkings*, Miss Larkin as *Mrs. Colonel Carver*, and Miss Ada Coates as *Mrs. Woodcock*, were all very successful. Mr. Sydney Bancroft played *Mr. Swansdown* and Mr, R. P. Sheridan *Mrs. Larkings*, although Messrs. Mowbray and Robe's names were in the bill for the respective parts. Of the farce itself we cannot speak much—it is very slight, its principal fun being contained in those odd transpositions of sentences for which Mr. Morton is celebrated, and in the continual references to the principal character being a tame woodcock, a lost woodcock, &c., &c. On Friday and Saturday the performances were for the benefit of the 1st C. E. V., the pieces being Tobin's "*Honeymoon*" and a burlesque of "*Faust*," both of which were sustained by amateurs, with the exception of the ladies, who belonged to the stock company. We had anticipated, from the names in the bill, that the performances would have been very good, and regret that we were disappointed. Captain R. B. Cummins played *Duke Aransa* with fair success. Sergeant Drielsma as *Lampedo* (the apothecary), and Mr. C. H. Nichols as *Lopes*, were very good: these three gentlemen being about the best. Captain and Adjutant Campbell as the *Count Montalban* showed that a man cannot both be an adjutant and an actor; and Mr. E. R. Russell as *Captain Rolando*, showed that one may have a good conception of a part and yet not be able to play it. Both Captain Campbell and Mr. Russell simply spoke their lines; as for action, or even a variation in tone, there was none, except in the first-named gentleman, who had an uneasy action in his hands—he continually playing with his gloves or his trappings. Mr. J. C. Bigham as *Balthazar* was not so good as we have seen him. He was not perfect in his part, the *Duke* having to prompt him in one point much too audibly. He also wanted weight. But his burst of passion on the discovery of his daughter's marriage with a supposed mock duke was remarkably good. Mr. W. M. Nuttall as the mock duke made up too much like a real one, wanting that extravagance in air and costume so necessary to the part. Of the ladies we have simply to chronicle that Miss Agnes Ryder played *Juliana*, Miss Clara Weston *Volante*, and Miss Bessie Harding *Zamora*. The three all played very carefully; although the first-named lady caused an awkward stage wait in the second act. On the conclusion of the comedy, all the characters were recalled before the curtain, after which a gentleman recited Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade," with every evidence of said gentleman (name unknown) being a pupil for Mr. J. C. Cowper. "*Faust*," a burlesque, written by Mr. W. H. Pearson, followed, the cast being, Miss Bessie Harding, *Faust*; Miss Augusta Thomson, *Marguerite*; Captain R. B. Cummins, *Siebel*; Mr. A. T. Haddock, *Mephistopheles*; *Franz*, Captain Campbell; *Frits*, Mr. C. H. Nichols; and *Guipperina*, Mr. S. Drielsma. The burlesque is very fairly written, although it abounds in old puns hashed up, and in all the old burlesque songs; it suffered, however, from being entrusted to amateurs, who, if they fail in anything, will fail in burlesque. Miss Bessie Harding played *Faust* very cleverly, and Miss Augusta Thomson made a charming *Marguerite*; the latter lady possesses a very clear voice, though somewhat harsh, and her execution is very brilliant. She introduced the waltz from the opera with great success, it being enthusiastically encored. Captain R. B. Cummins as *Siebel*, and Captain Campbell as *Franz*, introduced the "Nerves" dance, for which they received an encore. Mr. A. T. Haddock was rather *too* sombre as *Mephistopheles*, and his physique is against him for the part; he, however, played very well, and sang one air "*Dio dell'or*" from "*Faust*," with good taste and expression. At the termination of the fourth scene a general breakdown by all the characters was given, which would have been much better omitted; a breakdown is, we think, at all times objectionable, and the present one was in very bad taste. Your correspondent did not wait for the last scene, it being then half-past eleven, and he therefore cannot report on the finale of the evening's performance; but he wishes to say one word to the stage manager in concluding his report—and that is—the stage management during the last week has been very bad. Now nothing is worse than to see a scene jammed—the curtain stuck half way down—doors fastened that should be practicable—and traps open when they were not wanted, yet all these things your correspondent saw, in two consecutive nights!—Better arrangements than these must be made if the theatre is to be successful. Mr. G. Hodson played *Myles na Coppaleen* on Monday and Tuesday evenings, and to-night (Wednesday), Messrs. Toole and Bedford commence an engagement for three nights to play the "*Area Belle*" and the "*Pretty Horsebreaker*." The theatre is to be closed on Saturday, for a dress rehearsal of the patomime.

TRURO.

DEC. 22ND.

The second public evening of the Truro Oratorio Society was given on Tuesday at the Assembly Rooms, Truro, when Handel's oratorio, "*Judas Maccabæus*," was performed by a chorus and band of 100 performers, under the leadership of Mr. J. Smith. Mr. J. Hele presided at the harmonium, and Mr. Hele, organist of St. Mary's, Truro, was honorary conductor. The room was very tastefully decorated by the Misses Barrett, Job and Thomas, and Mr. H. Job; P. P. Smith, Esq., kindly supplying the evergreens from Tremorvah. The house was crowded in every part, and we hear that many were unable to obtain admission. In the reserved seats we observed most of the principal families of the neighbourhood. Of the performance itself we cannot speak too highly. Those who are acquainted with the difficult music in "*Judas Maccabæus*" may think it presumption in thus selecting this oratorio for the Society's second performance; but the manner in which it was executed would not have disgraced a much larger town, and reflects great credit upon Mr. Hele for the immense care and attention he must have bestowed on the rehearsals. Where all acquitted themselves so well, it seems invidious to speak of individuals; but we should scarcely be doing our duty if we did not mention Miss Barrett (a pupil of Mr. Hele) as deserving great praise. Her voice—a rich soprano—is greatly improved in quality, and she sang with more confidence than at the last oratorio, when the "*Messiah*" was given. She gave "O Liberty" in such a way as to call for an encore," but the conductor very properly decided not to give any repetition. The duet, "O lovely peace," by Miss Barret and Miss Job, was sung with great taste, whilst Miss Thomas's air, "Father of Heaven," drew forth a burst of applause. Mr. Veale in the recitative, "Be comforted," and air, "The Lord worketh wonders," sung with great power and feeling, but we fancied not with his accustomed ease—this may be from want of practice. He certainly has a fine voice, such as is not often met with in an amateur. The air, "Sound an alarm," sung by a gentleman whose name we could not learn, was a complete masterpiece, nor would the audience be satisfied until it was repeated. The choruses were rendered with precision and care, showing that much study had been devoted to them. We must not forget to mention Mr. Senna's accompaniment to Miss Barrett's "O Liberty" on the violoncello. At the conclusion the Rev. G. L. Woollcombe presented the thanks of the audience to Mr. Hele.

BRIGHTON.

DEC. 20th.

The Brighton Choral Union, who, under the direction of Mr. H. Spencer, have taken a high position

among the choirs of the town, gave their third concert at the PAVILION on Monday evening; and the Music-room was very well filled. The program embraced a very judicious selection of classical and popular music; and it was also kept within such limits as not to occupy above two hours, although there were no less than four encores. On Monday night the quality of the music was very good, both as respects the choice and the execution of the music. The choir was not, numerically, very strong—about twelve male and female voices; but, as the voices were all effective, the body of sound was quite strong enough for the room; and it was, and, we believe, generally is, the subdued passages that produced the most effect. The instrumental part was sustained by M. E. de Paris, who played with great brilliancy his own pleasing fantasia on Scotch airs and three of Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words," and was warmly applauded for both. Mr. W. Devin presided as accompanyist at the pianoforte.

LEEDS.

DEC. 22nd.

The Town Hall Concert Society gave a concert on Saturday, at which Mademoiselle Louise Van Noorden, Mr. Allan Wildsmith and Mr. Brook Sampson appeared, assisted by the chorus of the Leeds Vocal Union. The following program was effectively performed:—

Choral Glee, "Come bounteous May" ..... *Spofforth*
Song, "Rondo Finale," (*Bohemian Girl*) ..... *Balfe*
Madlle. Van Noorden.
Duet and Chorus, "By thee with bliss," (*Creation*) .... *Haydn*
Madlle. Van Noorden and Mr. Dodds.
Pianoforte Duet, Fantasia on Airs from *Martha* ..... *Voss*
Messrs. Wildsmith and Sampson.
Chorus, "Foresters, sound the cheerful horn" ..... *Bishop*
National Melody, "The Last Rose of Summer" ..... *Moore*
Madlle. Van Noorden.
Garibaldi's Chorus, "Italy addressing her Children" *W. Spark*
Solo and Chorus, "The mary'llous work," (*Creation*).... *Haydn*
Solo—Madlle. Van Noorden.
Pianoforte Duet, "Invitation pour la valse," ..... *Weber*
Messrs. Wildsmith and Simpson.
A Mountain Song, (Composed expressly for Madlle. Von Noorden)
Madlle. Van Noorden.
Glee, "Go, idle boy" ..... *Callcott*
Messrs. Brook, Nunn, Stirk, and Webster.
Choral Glee, "In the lonely vale of streams" ..... *Callcott*
Song, "Sweet Nightingale" ..... *Boscowitch*
Madlle. Van Noorden.
Choral Glee, "Here in cool grot" ..... *Mornington*

On Christmas Eve the same society will give their twelfth annual performance of "*The Messiah*," performed by the following artists:—Madame Weiss, Miss Walker, Miss Carrodus, Mr. Inkersall, Mr. Weiss, and a band and chorus of 250 performers, including the Leeds Vocal Union and the best instrumentalists of the town and neighbourhood.

GLASGOW.

Dec. 21st.

The Convalescent Home Bazaar, held in the CITY HALL, being continued during the whole of last Saturday, was a somewhat unfortunate occurrence for the Saturday evening concerts, causing the directors to give two concerts in smaller rooms, with the same artists and program for both places. Singularly enough, although the TRADES HALL contains an organ, there was no organ performance. The Misses Wynne on this occasion were quite up to our expectation, save in one case, where Miss Kate Wynne succeeded in singing an entire song about a semi-tone above the piano! With Miss Wilkinson we confess to being specially pleased; true, she might be happier in selection, for with a voice approaching very closely to Madame Dolby's, it is a decided mistake to sing such songs as lie more for her middle and upper registers, and demand a sparkle which it is not in the nature of Miss Wilkinson's unwieldy German voice to furnish. The reception accorded to Miss Wilkinson was on the whole favourable, but not exactly so decided as she merited. We seldom hear such a really pure tenor as Mr. Douglas Mellon, and were he possessed of style and refinement, he would undoubtedly become a marked member of his profession. We regret having no definite prospect of hearing Mr. Mellon again. Of Mr. D. Smyth we have to remark a visible improvement. His voice is losing what it had of uncouthness, and is gradually getting into shape. We were agreeably surprised to find him so strong and musical in his upper notes. He should never sing trash, however. Mr. Walter Baynham, late of the Theatre Royal here, gave two Readings—"The Jackdaw of Rheims" and "The Wreck of the Hesperus." The rendering of these pieces was characterized by all the significance and graceful ease of style peculiar to this gentleman. But we did not at all like a certain jauntiness of manner with which he occasionally relapsed from pathetic speech to narrative; the contrast was violent and out of place. This element of the Saturday Evening Concerts is deserving of cultivation. We were glad to learn that this was the last occasion of the infliction of Mrs. Geo. Ware's performance. We were led to understand that next Saturday's concert would be graced by the presence of the Orpheus Choir with a selection of Christmas carols, but Ethiopia has triumphed, and our glee singers will have to give way to a troupe of negro minstrels.——On Christmas Day (25th) high mass will be celebrated in St. Andrew's Church, when Beethoven in C will be performed. It is with much pleasure that we have learned of the recent appointment of Mr. M. Foster, conductor of the orchestra, Theatre Royal, to the post of organist of St. Silas Episcopal Church. The instrument we believe to be an excellent one, built by Hill, of London, but is badly situated in the church, incurring risk of suffering from damp. An excellent concert, in connection with the benevolent institution already named, is on the *tapis*. Miss Banks and Mr. Blagrove's quartett party are the vocalists spoken of, and we do hope that such an arrangement may be completed; in which case we shall have to thank the Glasgow Orpheus choir. Parepa, Wilbye Cooper, and Winn are the artists engaged for the Glasgow Choral Union New Year's Day Morning and Evening Concerts.——The new pantomime for Christmas was produced at the Theatre Royal on the 19th. The subject is the well-known story of "*Peter Wilkins*," and is, we are told (whether an original or an adaptation), the work of one of the staff. It is certainly very much too long, and at this late age we cannot look for much freshness of dialogue. Coming, however, to the real gist of the matter we find this pantomime quite up to its predecessor. The scenes and spectacular effects are beyond question excellent. The panoramic scenes representing the erratic course steered by Mr. Wilkins, abounds in most effective bits of painting. Messrs. Glover and Fisher, the artists, are duly called in front of the curtain each night. The "Royal" is fortunate in possessing such a combination of talent in these gentlemen. Whenever there is danger of the eye becoming confused or fatigued with Mr. Glover's delicate and picture style of painting, it is sure to be relieved by the vigorous breadth of Mr. Fisher's brush. The "grand transformation scene," painted by Mr. Glover, is a piece of scene painting he may justly be proud of. "The Amazon dance" is a feature which cannot be passed over; and whilst it affords the greatest pleasure to the audience, reflects the highest credit on Mrs. Egerton. In the ballet we have the pleasure of again seeing Mdlle. Ida Idalie, who dances with a captivating air of abandone. In the music incidental to the pantomime, and arranged by Mr. Foster, we were not a little taken aback to find the orchestra accompanying a game of "blind man's buff" on the stage, with a *gavotte* of Händel's. It was neatly played, and the quaint charming character of the music made us glad to hear it under any circumstances. Altogether the pantomime is a success.

EDINBURGH.

Dec. 21st.

A sudden though short lull has taken place in theatrical affairs in Edinburgh. The ROYAL closes to-night for a private evening rehearsal of the great Pantomime, which will be put on to-morrow night. The last spangle has now been put on Harlequin's parti-coloured suit and the wings of the Sprites are tried on this evening for the first time. After a year's separation, Pantaloon and Clown meet again on the boards to night, the former to familiarise himself with the kicks (and let us also hope the ha'pence) incident to his festive season, and the other to give his joints that funny look of dislocation which after a year's relief they have almost wholly lost. The splendid pantomime of "*Tom Tucker, or the Old Woman who lived in a Shoe*," promises well. The dialogue, which is said to be full of local hits, is original, having been written for the Edinburgh management by Edward R. Ward. The transformation scene, painted by Callcott, of London, and prepared at a cost of £300, will represent an aquarium with golden fish, and will afterwards change into a display of "oyster shells," not containing oysters, but water-nymphs. The ballet will embrace a dance of the seasons, spring, summer, autumn, and winter. The following are the principal pantomimists: clown, Mr. Hildebrandt; harlequin, Mr. Rowella; pantaloon, Mr. T. J. Santer; columbine, Miss Aline; Harlequina, Miss Georgina Lawson.——The pantomime at the PRINCESS'S will be prefaced by Brough's burlesque extravaganza of "*The Peri and the Prince*." The following are the principal members of the pantomimic corps: clown, Mr. D. Rice; harlequin, Mr. Algar; pantoloon, Mr. Carrol; columbine, Miss McGregor.——The PRINCE OF WALES' OPERETTA HOUSE will be opened on New Year's day by Mr. Howard and Mr. George Buckland of London, when "*Beauty and the Beast*" will be produced.——There is nothing new in the musical way, but a crowd of concerts are announced, which will be noticed next week.

PLYMOUTH.—A grand amateur concert, in aid of the South Devon and East Cornwall Hospital, took place in the Assembly Rooms on Thursday, last week, when the Opera di Camera "Jessy Lea" was represented by Miss Eliza Hughes, Miss Mitchell, Herr Hirschfield, and Mr. Lansmere, under the direction of Mr. Frederic Archer. The proceedings obtained every success, the operetta being very well received. The *Titelrolle* was personated in a most fascinating manner by Miss Eliza Hughes, who made a charming village belle—arch, merry, and naïve. It was her dramatic début at Plymouth, and one to which she can revert with pleasure, for the impression she created by her rich voice and her self-possession on the scene has rendered that début most successful. Herr Hirschfield's engaging appearance has created him good friends. Mr. Lawrence has a powerful bass, and Miss Mitchell, who played the *Gipsy*, is worthy of all praise. The hospital will reap considerable advantage from these concerts.

NORWICH.—Norwich is the scene on which an ecclesiastical burlesque is to be produced, and Christmas Day, of all days in the year, is chosen for the inauguration of the religious carnival. On that day, if local reports are to be trusted, the Theatre Ecclesiastical, Norwich, will be opened by Brother Ignatius, assisted by a talented company of clerical mummers, both male and female.—*Daily Telegraph.*

Music.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—Notwithstanding the very unfavourable state of the weather on Saturday last there were no signs of dimunition in the numbers who crowd to the Winter Concerts. The program was as follows:—

Symphony in A major, (the Italian) ..... *Mendelssohn*
Song, "The Erl-King" ..... *F. Schubert*
Signor Marchesi.
Aria, "Qui la voce," (*I Puritani*) ..... *Bellini*
Madame Grisi.
Solo Pianoforte, Fantasia on Airs from "Norma" .... *Mattei*
Signor Mattei.
Scena from "Faust," including the Ballad, "C'era un Re di Thule," and the "Jewel Song" ..... *Gounod*
Madame Grisi.
a. Serenade, "Den Vieni," ... } (*Don Giovanni*) .. *Mozart*
b. Song, "Finch' han dal vino," }
Signor Marchesi.
Solo Violin ..... *De Beriot*
Signor Adelmann.
Song, "Home, sweet home" ..... *Bishop*
Madame Grisi.
Overture to Byron's "Manfred" ..... *Schumann*

The principal attraction was, of course, the reappearance of Madame Grisi, who was greeted with a most enthusiastic reception. Her faultless rendering of Bellini's aria "*Qui la voce*," and the no less pleasing manner in which she sang the scena from "*Faust*," will not speedily be forgotten, while the ovation which she received after singing the popular "Home, sweet home," could not fail to be extremely flattering to the feelings of the accomplished *cantatrice*. Signor Tito Mattei and Signor Giovanni Adelmann, both from the "Strand Musick Hall," also appeared for the first time at these concerts. The former played a Fantasia, of his own composition, on airs from "*Norma*." There was nothing particularly striking either in the fantasia, or the manner in which it was played. Those of our readers who have heard him play variations on "In the Strand" will, no doubt, be able to form an estimate of the calibre of the fantasia. However, it was pretty, and was accordingly redemanded. Signor Adelmann played one of De Beriot's pieces with very good taste, but did not seem to make much impression. The band was, as usual, irreproachable. Mendelssohn's exquisite Italian symphony, and Schumann's pensive overture to Byron's "*Manfred*," were executed in a manner which really could not be surpassed in England. We must congratulate Mr. Manns on the extremely careful manner in which all the performances are prepared.

NATIONAL CHORAL SOCIETY, EXETER HALL.—Mr. Martin's Christmas performance of the "*Messiah*" took place before a densely crowded audience, on Wednesday, the 21st inst. We observed that the orchestra was hardly so full as usual; but this is hardly to be regretted, as the "parts" were far

more evenly balanced than on any previous occasion. The various choruses were sung with all that precision and vigour for which the National Choral Society are now so famed, and the excellent rendering of "For unto us" provoked an irresistible redemand. As to the "Hallelujah" we have heard this Society sing it far better; though it was spiritedly performed, it was taken rather too fast, and thus, to a certain extent, lost in grandeur. In the difficult choruses of the Passion music the choir acquitted themselves most creditably, and the grand burst on the *canto fermo* passage "The Lord gave the Word" was one of the most perfect examples of a pure unison that could be produced. The principal singers were Miss Louisa Pyne, Miss Palmer, Mr. Wilbye Cooper, and Mr. Winn. It is to be regretted that the public do not have more frequent opportunities of hearing Miss Pyne in oratorio music. Her bright pure voice and admirable expression are eminently calculated to make her take the highest rank in this department. Her rendering of "I know that my Redeemer liveth" was perfect in every respect, and the deep impression which it evidently created will not speedily be forgotten. Miss Palmer sang the contralto music with her usual good taste and devotional feeling, being particularly successful in "He shall feed his flock" and "He was despised." The reading of the "*Messiah*" adopted by Mr. Wilbye Cooper and Mr. Winn is so well known that we need only say they were both in excellent voice, and did their best. We beg to congratulate Mr. Martin on another decided success.

BEAUMONT INSTITUTION, MILE END.—A Concert of Young Artists, who had not hitherto appeared at this Institution, was given on Monday. The room was well attended, and the following program was performed with success:—

Concertante Duet (for two Trebles) with Pianoforte Accompaniment, on Motifs from Bellini's opera of *Norma* ..... *G. Case*
The Misses Marie, Eugenie, and Josephine Lachenal.
(Pupils of Mr. R. Blagrove.)
Tyrolienne, "Thro' meadows green" ..... *Haas*
Miss Mabel Brent.
(Pupil of Mr. Kingsbury.)
Song, "Sunny days will come again" ..... *Russell*
Mr. Edwards.
Song, "Sweet scenes" ..... *Fulcher*
Miss Amy Lacy.
Canzonetta, "Fauciulle che il core," from the Opera of *Dinorah* ..... *Meyerbeer*
Miss Pretty.
(Pupil of Mr. Frank Mori and Signor Garcia.)
Song, "Let me like a soldier fall," from the Opera of *Maritana* ..... *Wallace*
Mr. Ryder.
(Principal Tenor of Quebec Chapel, Bryanstone Square.)
Scena ed Aria { "Ah! non credea" ..... / "Ah! non giunge" from the Opera of *La Sonnambula* ..... } *Bellini*
Miss Annie Butler.
(Pupil of Madame Weiss.)
Solo, Concertina, on Airs from "Faust" ..... *R. Blagrove*
Miss Marie Lachenal.
Song, "The Red Cross Banner" ..... *Nelson*
Mr. Edwards.
Fantasia, Violin and Piano, Themes from Flotow's Opera of *Martha* ..... *Wichtl*
The Brothers Raymond.
Song, "Home of my heart" ..... *Wallace*
Mr. Ryder.
New Ballad, "Annabel Lee" ..... *A. Carder*
Miss Pretty.
Aria, "Cherry ripe" ..... *Horn*
Miss Mabel Brent.
Song, "A father's love" ..... *Wallace*
Mr. Edwards.
Trio, Two Trebles and Bass Concertinas, on Scotch Airs *G. Case*
The Misses Marie, Eugenie, and Josephine Lachenal.
Song, "I'll follow thee" ..... *Farmer*
Miss Annie Butler.
Song, "Good bye, sweetheart" ..... *Hatton*
Mr. Ryder.
Aria, "Where the bee sucks" ..... *Arne*
Miss Pretty.
Song, "Love tells me" ..... *Fulcher*
Miss Amy Lacy.
Laughing Finale, "Va da si" ..... *Martini*
By all the Artists.

CROYDON.—Mr. George Russell's annual evening concert came off on Tuesday, the vocalists being Miss Banks, Miss Whytock, and Mr. W. H. Cummings; and the instrumentalists, pianoforte, Mr. George Russell; violin, Herr Ludwig Strauss, from Frankfort; violoncello, M. Paque; conductor, Herr Lehmeyer. The following was the program:—

Grand Trio in C minor, Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello ..... *Beethoven*
Mr. George Russell, Herr Ludwig Strauss, and M. Paque.
Aria, "Salve dimora," *(Faust)* ..... *Gounod*
Mr. W. H. Cummings.
Song, "The Lament of Sir William Wallace after the Battle of Falkirk" ..... *G. Russell*
Miss Whytock.
Solo, Violin, "Otello" ..... *Ernst*
Herr Ludwig Strauss.
Aria, "Ma negli estremi istanti" ..... *Mercadante*
Miss Banks.
Solos, Pianoforte—
a. "Nuits blanches," No. 13 ..... *Stephen Heller*
b. "La Harpe Eolienne" ..... *Kruger*
Mr. George Russell.
Song, "The Mountaineer's Wife" ..... *G. A. Macfarren*
Miss Whytock.
Duet, "How sweet the moonlight sleeps," *(Kenilworth)* ..... *A. S. Sullivan*
Miss Banks and Mr. W. H. Cummings.
Sonata, (dedicated to Kreutzer), Pianoforte and Violin. (The entire Work) ..... *Beethoven*
Mr. George Russell and Herr Ludwig Strauss.
New Song, "Sitting at the cottage casement" ..... *G. Russell*
Miss Banks.
Solo, Violoncello, "Rigoletto" ..... *Paque*
Song, "Meetings and Partings" (by desire) ..... *G. Russell*
Mr. W. H. Cummings.
Aria, "Le parlate d'amor," *(Faust)* ..... *Gounod*
Miss Whytock.
Solo, Pianoforte, "Un ballo in maschera" ..... *Thalberg*
Mr. George Russell.
Trio, "News, girls, news," *(The Bride of Song)* ..... *Benedict*
Miss Banks, Miss Whytock, and Mr. W. H. Cummings.

Mr. George Russell's concerts at Croydon are always looked forward to with much interest, as they invariably present features which attract both the educated musician and the less cultivated lover of the art. As may be seen by the above program, their excellence has in no wise diminished this year. The Beethoven Trio in C minor was in itself a great treat, the opportunities for hearing it being so rare. It was exceedingly well played by Messrs. Russell, Strauss, and Paque, the two former gentlemen subsequently distinguishing themselves by a very fine performance of the great Kreutzer Sonata. This was a severe test of their capabilities, and they stood it bravely. Herr Strauss, who holds a very high position among violinists of the first class, played Ernst's "*Otello*" Fantasia magnificently, and in point of execution faultlessly, but leaving, perhaps, a little more warmth to be desired. M. Paque gave great pleasure by his performance on the violoncello. In his three songs, Mr. Russell proved himself to be a graceful composer as well as a good pianist. "Meetings and Partings" is an old favourite. Of the other two, "Sitting at the cottage casement" is decidedly the best, as it shews more fancy and elegance than "The lament of Sir William Wallace," which would seem to be an early work. They were well sung by Miss Banks, Miss Whytock, and Mr. Cummings. We were anxious to hear the effect that the Shakespeare Duet from Mr. Sullivan's "Kenilworth" (so recently criticised in our columns) would produce in a concert-room, when divested of its poetical orchestration, and were delighted to find that we were not mistaken in the opinion we had already expressed with regard to its stirling merits. It was sung to perfection by Miss Banks and Mr. Cummings, and accompanied by Mr. Sullivan himself, who, with the singers, was afterwards recalled on to the platform to bow his acknowledgments to an enthusiastic audience. That the concert was pecuniarily as well as artistically a great success there can be no doubt, as the room was well and fashionably attended. Herr Lehmeyer accompanied with his usual skill.

WESTMINSTER PLAY.

The third and concluding performance of the "*Phormio*" of Terence was given on Tuesday evening by the Westminster Scholars, and the reputation of the play itself, the admirable cast of the characters this year, and the almost unprecedented success which attended the two previous representations, drew together a numerous and fashionable audience, so that the house was crowded in every part. The president's chair was filled by Lord Charles Russell; and amongst the distinguished patrons of the school who were present we observed the Master of the Rolls, Vice Chancellor Page Wood, Viscount Barrington, The Dean of Westminster (Dr. Penrhyn Stanley) and Lady Stanley, Sir Watkyn Williams Wynne, the Bishop of Oxford, Mr. Justice Shee, Mr. R. Lowe, M.P., Mr. Marsh, M.P, Mr. Delane, the Rev. Dr. Jelf, and the Rev. J. E. Page.

On Lord Charles Russell assuming the chair he was greeted with loud applause; and a like honour, but more vehemently expressed and prolonged, was conferred upon Lady Stanley, as she entered and took the seat assigned to her. The prologue was again spoken by C. T. Biscoe, the captain of the school, with the same beautifully clear and perfect enunciation that marked its delivery on Tuesday and Thursday last, the allusion to Dean Stanley bringing down several rounds of hearty plaudits. It ran as follows:—

Salvete, O quicquid huc amicorum pedem
Tulit! Intra nostra extraque adhuc penetralia
Similia restant omnia: nil motum loco est.
Qui transmarinas cunque agat gentes furor,
Sive ultra justos finitimorum limites
Saliunt avaræ, seu nefanda sanguinis
Ardet fraterni fratrum in cordibus sitis.
Rerum novarum seu tenet cives amor—
Abominamur ista; hic nil ejusmodi est,
Hic præter omnes nobis ridet angulus
Terrarum; pax hic et fides rempublicam
Mutua perenni confirmarunt vinculo:
Parens est populi Princeps, inque Principem
Populus vicissim certat officio suam,
Bonaque tenello flosculo omnia comprecans
Lætatur auctam prole regiam domum.
Parvum quoque—absit invidia dicto velim—
Patriæ hic apud nos universæ imaginem
Videte: vicis urbis ut è strepentibus
In hæc perventum est claustra, quæ tranquillitas
Quam grata pax sedata mulcet pectora!
Loci situs sic Angliæ statum refert;
Nec patriis nos discrepamus moribus:
Nobismet ipsis ac majorum regula
Vivitur ad hos, diuque vivatur, Lares:
Ut siquid forte tempus et ratio ferat
Cautâque amantique hoc refingatur manu:
Sed nequid temere, nequid inconsultiùs,
Mutatur unquam; actoque tempori pia
Recentiores jungat relligio dies:
Sic porro priscis immorarii sedibus
Umbras majorum (1) crediderim, atque Ipsum vias
Favere super antiquas stantibus Deum! (2)
Tuque adeo, primâ jam qui dignaris vice
Venerande Præses (3), his adesse lusibus,
Dic, nonne te tua, quam colis, Clio docet
Quam sanctè patrum sit colenda memoria,
Præterita quantum sæcula tulerint boni?
Si modo, quod ipsum te præstare novimus,
Avitum vivat in nepotibus decus;
Nec illa nobis laus abest: nec jam tacet
Titulos alumni quos ferant, Oxonia (4).

(1). H. L. Wickam, Esq., a Busby trustee, and constant friend of the school, has been lost to it by death during the year.
(2). Jerem. vi., 16.
(3). Dean Stanley.
(4). The recent honours won by Old Westminster, at Oxford.

The play then proceeded, the cast being as before: *Phormio*, Mr. J. P. Nichols; *Geta*, Mr. F. L. Harrison; *Domipho*, Mr. C. T. Biscoe; *Antipho*, Mr. J. R. Dasent; *Dorio*, Mr. C. E. Oldman; *Chremes*, Mr. E. W. C. Williams; *Phædria*, Mr. H. Walker; *Davus*, Mr. A. H. Mure; *Sophrona*, Mr. G. J. Circuitt; *Nausistrata*, Mr. W. Shapter; *Hegio*, Mr. G. E. Barnes; *Cratinus*, Mr. E. J. Giles; and *Crito*, Mr. C. F. Maude. We do not know that we have much to remark upon the performers, who severally did equal justice as on the two previous nights to the characters entrusted to them. Mr. Nichols was as jovial and rollicking as ever as the good-hearted, easy-going *Phormio*; Messrs. Harrison and Mure were certainly first-class slaves, the very personifications of a *Geta* and *Davus* of Terence's time; Mr. Williams made a respectable *Chremes*, and looked as henpecked as he ought, considering the temper of his wife, *Nausistrata*, a character which Mr. Chapter sustained with his customary *verve*. But really all played their parts to perfection; and it was quite agreed among "old Westminsters," and the visitors generally, that in no year had the histrionic talents of the school been more satisfactorily exhibited.

Like most of his other delightful dramas, the "*Phormio*" is taken from a Greek source. Not merely, indeed, is the scene laid in Greece, but the play itself is little more than a *rechauffé* of the *Epidicazomenos* of Appollodorus; but the latter being lost, it is impossible now to discover how much of the credit of the working out and unraveling of the plot belongs to the Greek author and how much to his Roman (or rather African) imitator. If, however, there be in reality more than a general likeness between the two plays, we should be led to form no mean opinion of Appollodorus as a dramatist. It may be interesting, by the way, to remark, that Molière has written a travestie of this play in his farce "*La Fourberies de Scapin*," but the latter is universally regarded as so inferior to the "*Phormio*," that it is scarcely worth while to enter into any extended comparison between them. The two old fathers in the French play are made fools, of course, but the likeness ends there; and *Scapin* is a far less agreeable parasite than *Phormio*, whose title conveys a worse impression than he really deserves; for he is a clever, quick-witted, jolly fellow, with a little dash of vice in him, of course, but no more, and on the whole by no means "so black" as his name of "parasite" would seem to paint him.

CHRISTMAS PERFORMANCES OF THE "MESSIAH."—It is perfectly needless to give a separate account of the multitude of performances of this oratorio with which we are now inundated. The Sacred Harmonic Society has given two performances with Mdme. Parepa, Mdme. Sainton-Dolby, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Weiss. To-night it is to be done at St. Martin's Hall. Even Spurgeon has given up his prejudice against oratorios and lent his lecture hall for the "*Messiah*" on Wednesday last. We hope to hear of more oratorios at the Metropolitan Tabernacle.

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II. £10 for the best setting (voice and piano) of the following words:—

THE REEFER'S SONG.

I.

Far away! far away, on the billow—
As I wander I think of my home,
When unrest hovers o'er my lone pillow,
And the winds lash the waters to foam!
O call it not weary repining,
If I sigh for the old meadow lea,
But my heart's ever landward inclining,
—The home of my childhood for me!

II.

Up aloft! up aloft—swiftly climbing—
As I hasten to trim the white sail,
Then methinks sounds of home sweetly chiming,
Come soft on my ear through the gale!
As I pause in my task, just to listen,
Homeward stray my rapt thoughts o'er the main,
And my eyes with glad tears fondly glisten;
O when shall I see thee again!

III. £10 for the best setting (voice and piano) of the following words:—

THE INDIAN SUMMER.

I.

They tell us of climes where when Autumn is o'er,
And the last faded leaflet is dead in the bow'rs,
Ere cometh old Winter with coronal hoar,
The Summer returns with a hand full of flow'rs.
O, sweet as the mem'ry of friends that have pass'd,
And rare as the essence that's breathed in a sigh,
These Summer days fondle the Winter's cold blast,
And smile yet again ere their Suns set and die.

II.

And so when the summer of lifetime is gone,
And dull Winter scatters his white on the brow,
And mellow'd the light in the bright eye that shone,
O Summer comes back, as it comes to the bough.
It brings us the lilies and roses of youth,
And hangs them in memories over life's shrine,
Though Winter may wither and kill in its ruth,
The heart still shall blossom—its flow'rs are divine.

IV. £10 for the best Set of Waltzes (original subjects). Piano.

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4. No competitor to send in more than one MS. for any one prize, although he may compete for all the five.

MODE OF TRANSMITTING MSS.

Competitors are particularly requested to send in heir MSS. as follows:—Transmit the music per book-post, inscribing on the first page "Prize Competition" and a motto—but no name; by same mail transmit a sealed envelope containing name and address, and having the same motto on the outside that is marked on the music. The MS. and ts corresponding envelope (enclosed in another) to be addressed "Editor of *The Orchestra*, 201, Pegent Street, London, W." The envelopes of successful competitors only, will be opened in the first instance. Unsuccessful competitors may have their MSS. punctually returned on forwarding a stamp for postage, and mentioning the mottos on their compositions.

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M. W. BALFE, Esq.

II. *For the Pianoforte Piece:*
JULES BENEDICT, Esq.

III. *For the Dance Music:*
ALFRED MELLON, Esq.

The receipt of MSS. will be duly acknowledged in *The Orchestra*, and the awards will be made as soon as possible after the 1st of February next.

Any further information required may be learned by addressing the Editor.

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The Orchestra:
A REVIEW OF MUSIC & THE DRAMA.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, DEC. 24, 1864.

"No more cold feet" is the name of a grand galop by Merz, recently published at Paris.

Mdlle. Tietjens completed her very successful engagement at Hamburg, on the 16th.

It is expected that Herr Wachtel will cancel his contract with the Vienna Opera at the end of this season.

A new opera "*Through Night to Light*" (*Durch Nacht zum Licht*), the text by P. Lohmann, music by W. Freudenberg, has been announced for the 23rd inst. at Mayence.

Barbieri has completed an opera, the text of which is taken from Shakespeare's "*Winter's Tale.*" The opera is to be produced, for the first time, at Prague, in January next.

"*The Woman in Mauve,*" the three-act comedy, written for Mr. Sothern by Mr. Watts Phillips has met with unmistakeable success at Mr. Henderson's excellent little theatre, Liverpool.

The production of Mr. W. C. Levey's comic opera, "*Punchinello,*" at Her Majesty's, is deferred till Wednesday next. We shall give a full musical analysis in our next number.

Mr. Frederic Clay's new opera, in one act, "*Constance,*" will be produced at Covent Garden, on Monday, January 2nd. The libretto is by Mr. T. W. Robertson, the Author of "*David Garrick.*"

Mr. Thomas's cantata, "Llewellyn," is to be done at the Swansea Musical Festival, which takes place on the 27th and 28th instant. Amongst other London artists who will be present we notice the names of Mr. Brinley Richards, Mr. Chatterton, Mr. Lewis Thomas, Miss Edith Wynne, &c.

A French paper says that Berlioz recently wrote in Mdlle. A. Patti's album "*oportet pati,*" with this commentary: "Latin scholars translate this by 'We must suffer;' Gourmands by 'Bring the paté;' the dilettanti of the five quarters of the globe by 'We must have Patti.'"

Haydn's *Second* Mass in C is to be sung, with full band at the Bavarian Chapel in Warwick Street on Christmas Day. Though seldom performed with an orchestra, it contains some of the most brilliant instrumentation to be found in Haydn's "Masses." Mozart's *Offertorium* "Splendente Te Deus" will also be sung on the same occasion.

The direction of the Bohemian theatre at Clattan publishes a request that the ladies of that town will not hold their soirées, or tea, or card parties on evenings of performance, as the theatre suffers thereby.

Aloys Ander, the favourite of Vienna, died on the 11th at Wartenberg, having survived by a few weeks the loss of his intellect. He was in his forty-fourth year. His last appearance was in *Arnold* in "*William Tell*."

Mdlle. Schäfer, niece and heiress of Erard, the great pianoforte-maker, was married a few days since to M. de Franqueville, auditor of the *Conseil d'Etat*. The ceremony was performed by the Archbishop of Paris in the church of *Notre Dame des Victoires*; and was attended by all the ministers and by the most distinguished in art, rank, and commerce.

Alphonse Karr, according to a Paris letter, has extracted a new idea out of "*La Traviata*." They have been giving it at Nice. "This will never do here," said Karr, after witnessing the agony of the last act; "it will ruin the place. I will go off at once to the Maire. The plot must be changed, and *Violetta* be cured by the climate of Nice, and marry *Alfredo*."

M. Severini essayed to play *Manrico* (*Trovatore*) at Berlin on the 10th. His voice, his action, and his singing, partly in German and partly in Italian displeased the audience; and when a voice in the gallery shouted for Woworsky after the second act, the call became so general, that the latter artist had to take M. Severini's part during the rest of the evening.

French journals are laughing at the musical critic of the *Moniteur*, who has just been led into a ludicrous error. Writing about a ballet he says "Merante really danced well, and even gracefully for a man." Unfortunately it was Annette Merante who danced. His contemporaries assert that the critic dined well, and not too wisely, at the Café Riche, or, it is just possible he did not witness the performance at all.

We have been requested to state that the Philadelpheion Society, whose amateur performance at St. Martin's Hall on Wednesday last week was noticed in our last number, are willing to give their services gratuitously in aid of the funds of a benevolent institution or for any other charitable object. We notice that Mr. C. Angels played *Antonio*, on the occasion referred to and not *Bassanio*, as we stated, and that the name Mr. Wood should have read Ward.

Herr Wallner had engaged a French artist to produce, at the recent opening of his new theatre, what a German paper speaks of as a "gigantic fountain which should throw up, instead of water, molten gold and silver in all possible colours." (The phenomenon thus described, is probably not unknown to the frequenters of our Music Halls.) By some mischance or other, the necessary apparatus did not arrive in time at Berlin; and it will now probably be for the lawyers to decide, who is to bear the consequent loss of 2000 francs.

They manage these things better in—Vienna. The *Signale* tells us that all the theatres in Vienna have just been closely examined, with reference to risk of fire, and general security and comfort. The commission found various causes for complaint; and, among other things, ordered the following:—That there should be no lights in the green-rooms lower than eight feet from the ground; that all lights should be protected by glass or wire; that there should be a raised ledge of three inches in the front of the boxes, to prevent opera-glasses, &c., falling over; and that nothing should be stored or deposited between the ceiling and the roof of the theatres.

OPERA DI CAMERA.

Any attempt to establish chamber lyrical plays in this country must be regarded with interest and satisfaction; for they are doubly useful—in educating the nation up to the proper pitch to enjoy larger and more elaborate works, and in training young artists for broader stages and higher *rôles*. In both these respects we stand very much in need of every help, as indeed the daily history of our lyrical establishments shows. The attempt, therefore, that has been made, chiefly at the Gallery of Illustration, for the last two seasons to establish chamber opera, is deserving of every praise, although the results have not been so satisfactory as could be wished, both for the sake of the institution and its promoters. In this paper we shall try to analyse the causes of the slow progress which this species of lyrical entertainment has made in town. To begin with, no proper theatre has been as yet acquired for the purpose. In this respect the large opera houses, Covent Garden and Her Majesty's, cannot help by example their younger sister. For one essential feature of what is known as "Opera di Camera" is this—that the work shall be written for a quartett or quintett of voices, without chorus; and such a small cast set adrift on the wilds of the larger stages is only ridiculous, and at all events quite ineffective. The proposition may be laid down, that small works require a small stage; and no amount of "padding" in the way of added choruses and so forth will ever fit a slight operatic work for such vast arenæ as Covent Garden and Her Majesty's. This fact, in the former house at least (for Her Majesty's is less open to the objection), has been very clearly shown in the present campaign of the Opera Company. Even a three act opera is sometimes not broad enough—*videlicet*, Mr. Hatton's "*Rose*"—to fill Covent Carden stage satisfactorily; and if this be the case, with a work of the pretensions of three acts, much more would it be so with slighter productions in one scene. We cannot, therefore, look for assistance, either by way of precept or example, to the large opera houses. They may do, and will do, operettas to fill up as first or after pieces in their bills; but such works will always be played at a disadvantage, and will never be thoroughly welcome to an English audience.

On the other hand, it is possible to go with operettas to houses very much too small for the purpose. The fatal consequence of a very small house being taken for the exposition of chamber opera is the arithmetical impossibility resulting of the manager ever getting more than his expenses out of the venture. He cannot, moreover, afford to pay for first-class artists; and very frequently a good work is necessarily given to novices who, although very meritorious students, are perfectly imcompetent to interpret either the conceptions of the dramatist or the composer. Every expense, in a word, must be kept down to the narrowest margin in a very small house; and when this rigid economy is extended of necessity to the artists, the result must be indifferently bad for the institution they are endeavouring to maintain.

Another very serious drawback to the popularizing of short operas in small houses is the dispensing with an orchestra altogether, and the substituting for it a pianoforte. So long as "opera di camera" *is* what its name implies, namely a lyric work done in an ordinary room, a pianoforte replaces the orchestra well enough, for all but the most *exigeants* tastes; but when a manager of a theatre, however small, opens his doors to the public, and asks their money for a lyrical work, such as have been lately done at the Gallery of Illustration, he is expected to support the voices with instruments more varied and pleasant than the monotonous tinkle of a piano. Here, again, the question of expense comes in. "My theatre is so small," says the manager, "I cannot afford great artists, or any orchestra at all—even a stringed quartett." Exactly—at the very outset the cause of "Opera di Camera" is materially damaged by a pecuniary dilemma into which the manager, whoever he be, finds himself plunged. There can be no doubt whatever that "Opera di Camera" has no great chance of permanent, healthy life in this country, till it is done as well as in France; that is to say, with a first-rate company, in a moderate-sized theatre, and with a small, but thoroughly efficient orchestra. Even with these powerful aids to succour, we are not sure that performances in such a theatre as that which we propose should be altogether musical. It is possible to have too much even of good music; and it might be as well for a manager to alternate the lyric partridge with the more homely fare of farce and comedietta.

This brings us to another most important point in the analytical history of Chamber Opera—and that is, the consideration of what *répertoire* we have in England. We are afraid it is very, very scanty—and what there is cannot be said to be always very good. Just because we have no theatres in London or out of it for the performance of little elegant musical comedies, nor many artists to play in them, so we have no Offenbachs to provide Art *pabulum*, nutritious, as well as agreeable to the popular taste. Doubtless, when the hour for the proper performance in England of Opera di Camera arrives, so will the man—but at present the hour is *not* come. Mr. Reed was fortunate in being aided in his experimental seasons by such powerful names as those of Balfe and Macfarren. It would have been impossible for him to have gone before the public with a scheme more likely to take, so far as names were of value, than the prospectuses issued from the Gallery of Illustration this year and the last. But the public has not been roused from its apathy, even by the tempting lure of original works from the eminent men mentioned above. Why the public has looked rather coldly on public "Opera di Camera" in time past must be gathered from what we have said in the beginning of this paper.

It is to be doubted, too, in the matter of *répertoire*, that publishers will, after the experience they have had, contribute operas by eminent composers, to be done perfunctorily in a little place of entertainment to a handful of people. It does not pay. A work by Balfe or Macfarren stands the publisher, whose property it is, in a large sum of money; and it is found practically that there is comparatively little sale for music given to the public in this slip-shod way. Besides the public—the great amusement-loving mass, who throng in shoals to our opera houses and theatres—cannot be said, as yet, to have seen *opera di Camera* at all; nor will they, until the lyrical comedies put on are represented in a commodious theatre, and perfectly well played and sung in every respect.

Until these conditions are fulfilled we do not hope much for *opera di Camera* in this country; and if they are not fulfilled, managers wishing to present short operas must have recourse to large standard works, and abbreviate them and cut them down to the limits of their stage and vocal and instrumental power.

THE COMPLEMENTS OF THE SEASON.

The Lupercalia are near at hand; Misrule and the Mysteries in modern dress wait but the lapse of two short days to establish once more the reign of Pantomime; and the year Eighteen hundred and Sixty-four, we doubt nothing, will see that reign as firmly established as was ever its predecessor's in pagan Rome. For the love of mummery is deeply planted in the human heart and shows itself in every rank and species of humanity—from the followers of an Ignatius to the admirers of a Grimaldi; and it is a notable fact that this predilection asserts itself most strongly in the winter time, and just before the year closes. There were the Saturnalia of old; there was the Abbot of Misrule in the middle history; there are the pantomimes now. It is essential that the year die merrily;—that a kind of Irish wake be celebrated before and after his obsequies. Christmas in itself cheers his declining days. The woods

are robbed of their evergreen leaves to honour him, and his *Todtenkranz* is wreathed, not with amaranth but with holly. The life and light of the busy streets cheer him, too, in the town, and abroad in the frosty fields the manor-house holds revelry in his honour, and the village church is laden with bough and scroll. The very beasts of mountain-back cheer him, hanging at the butcher's door with promise of no end of good living for one week at least. Even the snow cheers him—the good seasonable snow—not the coldest shroud a year can have, for there be colder yet in human tears. But when the snow is thick, and the air sharp, and noses cold, and hearts warm, and poverty kept as far off as each man's charity will permit, a meet deathbed for the year is that, and a meet bed for the birth of shortlived Christmas. This time the couch seems well ordered, the seasonable snow is not far off; let Christmas be happily born; let him come merrily to all.

Meanwhile what preparations have we made for him? Preparations not unworthy await him, judging the deeds of this year by the doings of the past. Weather as cold, a cattle show as fat, an array of merchandise as great, and pantomimes as magnificent, have we prepared for Christmas. It will be no fault of his believers and followers if his advent is not as welcome and his stay as cheerful as usual. The fault will wholly rest with him, or with some sudden change of weather, or with some unlooked-for accident, or mayhap with that Demon of Dyspepsia which much delights to plague mortals in these cynical times, and to impress them with disbelief in all good and joyous things, including Christmas itself. These foes absent, our season shall be blest.

The feast of Boxing Night promises well; so far as can be judged it will be as rich as varied. At the stronghold of Pantomime, Drury Lane, an introductory opening to the wilder fun has been written by Mr. E. L. Blanchard (an author staid and none too brilliant) entitled "*Hop o' my Thumb and his Eleven Brothers*;" and in this Miss Lydia Thompson, Tom Matthews, Boleno, and Lauri appear, amid scenes for the taste of which the names of Beverley and Dykwynkyn vouch. Covent Garden Theatre is renowned for its enterprise in the way of pantomime; and the English Opera Company anticipate their great pull in "*Cinderella*," with the strong attraction of Donato the uniped. The rival establishment in the 'Market is not behind in the race. Of Mr. Harrison's energy it needs not us to speak; he could point to a long public career if credentials were required of him. His enterprise he has sufficiently exemplified in boldly planting pantomime in the very heart of opera, and whatever the result may be, of one thing the public may rest satisfied: that Byron's "*Lion and Unicorn*" will be placed on the stage with the utmost care and taste. In addition to the great phantasmagorial secret which is to put the stopper on Pepper, the gage of rivalry has been thrown before the other horse in the person of an one-legged clown. Strange to say, the Princess's Theatre has defected from the faith, and the "*Streets of London*" usurps the throne of pantomime; and a short burlesque called "*The Magic Horse and the Ice Maiden Princess*" will be the concluding part of the entertainment, which rebellious example Mr. Fechter has followed, the novelty at the Lyceum being the drama of "*Robert Macaire*." The Haymarket produces an extravaganza by Byron, founded on a fairy tale of the Countess D'Aulnoy and entitled "*Bear-face Impostors*." The Adelphi is another secessionist from pantomime; for Miss Bateman returns on the 2nd of January. At the Olympic a new burlesque on the subject of Cupid and Psyche is furnished by Burnand; whose older rival, Byron, supplies the Strand with the burlesque of the "*Grin Bushes*," in which Stoyle will appear. Miss Herbert will open the St. James's with a classical burlesque from the pen of Brough, called "*Hercules and Omphalie*." Astley's contributes pantomime *pur et simple*, the subject being "*Jack Sprat*." The new Royalty as a year ago, retains a successful burlesque in the bills to the exclusion of novelty; and "*Snowdrop*" will continue to run. Last on the list of major theatres, though by no means youngest, Sadler's Wells, has a local pantomime written by Mr. Charles Millward an author well known to Liverpool audiences; and the opening here is entitled "*Sir Hugh Myddelton and the Bailiff's Daughter of Islington*," a happy mixture of the historical, the legendary, and the impossible being woven into the story.

So much for the temples in which the faith of pantomime struggles with the growing schism—burlesque. Turning to the minor establishments, we find the sway of pantomime uncontested. At the Victoria, we have a pantomime on the subject of "*Baron Munchausen*." The Surrey has also a fame to maintain, that of being "again the best," and brings forward an historical pantomime, of which *Richard Cœur de Lion* is the hero. At the Standard, "*Dame Durden, or, Richard and Robert were two Pretty Men*," is the title of the forthcoming piece, which is to be placed on the stage in a novel manner as regards stage management. G. Boleno will play the clown. "*The Busy Bee and the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street*," will be produced at the Britannia, and "*The Bronze Horse*" at the Marylebone. At the City of London Mr. Nelson Lee has selected "*The King of the Golden Valley*." The Pavilion furnishes "*St. George and the Dragon*;" the Effingham produces "*Harlequin Goody Two Shoes, or, Robin the Ploughboy, and the Castle of the Seven Passions*;" and the Grecian a pantomime by Mr. G. Conquest, entitled "*Punch and Judy, or, Harlequin Prince Valiant Shallahballah and the Good little Fairy of the Wood*," in which the author will display his usual ability as a pantomimist. The Queen's will also produce a pantomime under the title of "*Dame Trot and her Comical Cat*."

These are the ways wherein London will honour Christmas after the Day of Christmas is passed. Two days to come, and the honour will be amplified and perfected. First by beef and berry, geese and garland; this has been done. Next by the revelry or repose of the Day itself—the churchgoing and dining, the good eating and drinking, the kissing, the quip and joke and ease, with which the world unbends from a year of work. Lastly by the pantomimes; these come after, and fill up all. They are the true Complements of the Season, without which there would be something missing in the yuletide enjoyment—for youthful hearts and minds at the very least.

THE CONTINENT.

PARIS, Dec. 20th.

M. Gounod's "*Mireille*," arranged in three acts, and with an entirely new dénouement, was given on Thursday at the Théâtre Lyrique. It was a dangerous experiment to revive an opera which, on its first production, had been a decided failure, and to come before the public a second time, as before a "Cour de Cassation," and move for a new trial. M. Carvalho, whatever his faults as a manager my be, believes in the operas he produces. For instance, "*Faust*," which is now translated into four languages, and is played over all Europe, never produced a *centime* of benefit to the treasury of the ancient Théâtre Lyrique during the first twenty nights of its performance. I am glad to announce that the second edition of "*Mireille*" was highly successful, and promises to have a long and prosperous run. The libretto is founded on a charming Provençal poem, by M. Frédéric Mistral, entitled, "Mireio;" but which is as unfitted for stage purposes as can be imagined. I should as soon think of working out the subject of an opera from Longfellow's 'Evangeline." "*Mireille*," having been played in London, and already noticed in your journal, I give no lengthy description of the piece, but will merely advert to the changes that have been made, and which are as follows:—The third act has entirely disappeared, and, consequently, the attempted murder of *Vincent* by *Ourrias*, and the apparitions in the Rhone (who always made a rattling sound in crossing the stage, totally unconnected with spirits or water) are done away with, much to our satisfaction. Nothing remains of Act IV. but the *chanson du Pâtre*, and *Mireille's* couplet, "*Heureux petit berger*," and, instead of dying at the end of the piece, as in the first edition, the heroine is united to *Vincent*, and, as the old story-books tell us, "They all go home and die happy, surrounded by their children and friends." Some changes have been made in the cast. The most important is the substitution of M. Michot for M. Morini in the part of *Vincent*. M. Michot is an "*enfant de la maison*" of the Théâtre Lyrique, which he left in 1859 for the opera. After doing good service there, he has returned to his old friends, and was warmly received by them. His voice which had been slightly touched by fatigue and illness, is now quite restored, and his singing on the first night of the revival was received with hearty approbation, and was a decided improvement on that of the tenor who "created" the part. The parts of the *Sorcière* and the *Shepherd*, which were both confided to Madame Faure-Lefebvre, are now given, the latter to the same lady, and the former to Madame Ugalde, another old favourite, whose return we are glad to welcome. Madame Miolan Carvalho, of course, keeps the *rôle* of *Mireille*. M. Gounod has added to the part a very difficult *air de bravoure* in three-four time, which she sings with the greatest effect, terminating with a wonderful shake on D in alt. As an actress, her rendering of the part entrusted to her was admirable, and her success quite equal to that she obtained as *Marguerite* in "*Faust*." M. Ismael did good service as *Ourrias*. The part has been much cut down, and on the second night was confided to M. Péront, a promising *basso cantante*, who made his *début* at this house a year ago as the *Count* in Mozart's "*Noces de Figaro*;" and has already proved himself a "good man and true." M. Petit was the heavy father *Ramon*, and cursed his daughter in E flat with considerable effect. The performance went off admirably, and I hope that the success of this experiment will induce other managers to follow M. Carvalho's example, and thus give the public a chance of judging many works which have been withdrawn before they were fairly heard. Cursing seems to be the order of the day (I mean on the stage, of course). Scarcely were we rid of the garlic-flavoured malediction of the *provençal* father at the Lyrique, than the Italiens took up the subject, and gave us M. Delle-Sedie as a rabid Savoyard in "*Linda di Chamouniz*." This last, however, is an incomplete specimen, and belongs to what may be called the three-quarter curses; the singer getting as far as "*Ti Maledi*—," and leaving the word unfinished. In consequence of this merciful proceeding, the heroine is not *foudroyée* on the spot, but simply becomes imbecile, or, to use a vulgar, but more expressive phrase, is "knocked silly." "Music hath charms;" and when her lover "sings her the songs she delighted to hear," at the end of the third act, her mental derangement ceases, and she becomes so extremely lucid that she recognises everybody around her, even people she had never seen before. "*Linda*" is the fifty-fifth of Donizetti's operas. It was produced at Vienna in 1842, and was given the same year in Paris, with Lablache *père et fils*, Mario, Tamburini, Mesdames Persiani and Brambilla. The poem is taken from a French melodrama, entitled "*La Grace de Dieu*," which is itself a rearrangement of one of the most popular pieces of Marty's répertoire, "*Fanchon la Vielleuse*." "*Linda*" has never been a great favourite, and had not been given here for the last fifteen years. The cast is as follows:—*Linda*, Mdlle. Patti; *Pierotto*, Madame de Méric-Lablache; *Antonio*, M. Delle-Sedie; *Il Marchese*, M. Scalese; *Il Prefetto*, M. Antonucci; and *Carlo*, M. Brignoli. This opera is far from being the best of Donizetti's productions.

The 'piece, too, is badly arranged; and the continual exits and extrances, so common to the Italian stage, are indulged in to an offensive extent. The best numbers appear to me to be the duet, "*Da quel dì*;" that of the second act for *Linda* and the *Marquis*; and the *melodrame* at the beginning of the third act, when *Linda*, accompanied by *Pierotto*, returns home. The success of this *reprise* is to be attributed to the excellence of the singers mentioned in the cast. I'm no admirer "*quand même*" of Mdlle. Patti. I believe she has a great talent, which wants developing, and I think that the public spoil her a great deal too much; but in "*Linda*" she has certainly made a great advance, and her acting and singing in the second act were really admirable, and showed what may be expected in a few years from our spoilt child, if she studied seriously. M. Brignoli confirmed the good impression he produced in "*Marta*." His voice, which is exceedingly guttural, is at first disagreeable; but he sings so well, and finishes his phrases with such neatness and so much artistic "*Chic*" (if you will pardon the expression), that one cannot help applauding him. His romance in act II. was charmingly sung, and he was thrice recalled. Madame de Méric-Lablache had an opportunity of displaying her fine contralto voice and graceful acting as *Pierotto*. M. Delle-Sedie was the *Antonio*, and sang and acted as well as ever, but the part is not very important. M. Antonucci was sufficiently "heavy" as the *Prefect*; but I should like to know why he does not kneel down with the other characters in the prayer of the first act. Surely it cannot be on account of his official position! But if the stage tradition requires him to remain standing let him turn his *pose* to some account and beat time for the chorus, who seem to have independent ideas with regard to time and tune. M. Scalese was, as usual, excellent as the *Marquis*, and played the most dangerous scene of his part with great delicacy and refinement. "*Leonora*" by Mercadante, and "*Poliuto*" are announced. The sisters Marchisio have cancelled their engagement *à l'amiable*.

The "Société des Concerts du Conservatoire" gave its second extra concert yesterday. The program was as follows:—

Symphonie, No. 2, en Sol	*Haydn*
Psaume à Double Chœur	*Mendelssohn*
Concerto en si bémol pour piano	*Beethoven*
(Solo de Piano par, M. Théodore Ritter.)	
Ave Verum (Chœur)	*Mozart*
Symphonie en Ut mineur	*Beethoven*

I could not attend myself, but hear that the concert went off very well. I met one of our chief musical critics at the end, and in answer to my inquiry whether M. Ritter had been successful in his interpretation of Beethoven's concerto received as a reply the three words "*Il joue vite*," and he passed on his way rejoicing. M. Pasdeloup inaugurated the second series of popular concerts on the same day. The program included Beethoven's *Entre Actes* to "*Egmont*" and Mr. Wallace's charming overture to "*Lorelei*," which was as successful as at the previous concert. The Opéra Comique announces "*Le Capitaine Henriot*" for next week, and at the end of the year we are to have a new theatre opened on the recently constructed Boulevard Richard Lenoir, near the Bastille. Vaudeville, Drame, Comédie, and Operette are to be given. Two performances daily are announced, and the prices are very low: the dearest places being 1fr. 25c. M. Offenbach's "*La belle Hélène*" was given on Saturday at the Variétés with doubtful effect.

In conclusion I beg leave to correct a misprint in my last letter. In page 187, column 2, line 30, in place of the word "left" read "lost;" and the sentence will be "M. Grisar has 'lost' none of the finesse," &c.

Leipsic, Dec. 16th.

The two orchestral works selected for the ninth Gewandhaus Concert offered a striking contrast. The first was Schumann's overture to "*Manfred*," in many respects one of the composer's most remarkable works, and one by no means easy to be understood. When familiarised with it by repeated hearings, it unfolds itself as a marvellous picture of the daring, desparing original—one, who, with all his gloom and darkness, had in him the capacity of greatness. That it is a pleasing picture I cannot say, and those who assert that music should only act pleasantly would condemn it at once; but if the musician is to be a true and living poet, he will at times feel the necessity of giving utterance to deep and troubled thoughts. The difficulty is how to express these thoughts in tone, without allowing the trouble and gloom which are in the poet's mind to be reflected too literally in his work; to succeed in this, to express sorrow and suffering in beautiful forms, so that they shall be clearly suggested to the hearer, but yet not harrow him, by revelling in discordant sounds (as is the easy manner of too many modern coposers), is the greatest triumph of art. Shakespeare, Goethe, and Beethoven, are the three who have achieved the greatest triumphs of this sort; Schumann, as in the "*Manfred*" overture, sometimes comes very near success—had his creative power been as great as his imaginative, he might have bridged over the chasm between "very near" and "quite". It may be a question whether *Manfred*, in whom there are fewer of those better, more loveable traits that conciliate our human sympathies even than in *Faust*, and in whose case ultimate forgiveness and reconciliation are not suggested, is not a subject never to be satisfactorily treated, if, as I believe it to be, the great object of art is to ennoble and exalt; this object does not exclude the representation of pain, but it demands that when a painful subject is selected, the purifying, disciplining purpose of pain should never be entirely lost sight of. Without this, the work of art may be a great fragment, but can not be complete.

The other orchestral work was Beethoven's symphony, No. 4, in B flat. Of a composition so well known as this it is needless to speak; performed as it was by the Gewandhaus orchestra it afforded unmixed pleasure from first to last.

The pianist of the evening was Herr Ernst Lübeck of Paris. The reports which had preceded him had highly excited the anticipations of the public; as a *virtuoso* of a very high class these expectations were entirely fulfilled; his brilliancy of execution and firmness of touch are admirable; but whether it be that a different conception of Mendelssohn's G minor concerto prevails in Paris, or whether, as is too frequently the case, the *virtuoso* thinks more of displaying the power of his fingers than of rightly interpreting the composer, the musical conception of the concerto was not satisfactory; the movement required more delicacy, and the last movement was taken at a much greater speed than was commensurate with clearness. In two pieces of his own composition, a *Berceuse* and a *Polonaise*, and, upon being encored, in a *Tarantelle* by St. Heller, Herr Lübeck had a more legitimate opportunity of displaying all his mechanical power, and was rewarded with long-continued applause.

Herr Dagele, of the Dresden opera, appeared as singer. This gentleman has a fine baritone voice, and sings with much dramatic fire. In the great *aria* from Marschner's "*Hans Heiling*" he was almost too dramatic for the concert-room; in the Seneschal's air from Boieldieu's "*Jean de Paris*" he produced too heavy an effect by taking the tune too slowly. Fully to appreciate Herr Dagele he should be heard on the stage; there his powerful voice and his spirited acting are sure to make a great effect.

The grand farewell concert of the Patti party has taken place. To give additional *éclat* to the occasion, besides the members of the regular *troupe* (Carlotta Patti, Jaell, Vieuxtemps, and Steffens), the services of Fräulein von Edelsberg, from Munich, Dr. Gunz, from Hanover, and the Herren Concertmeister David and Dreyschock, of Leipsic, had been engaged; as also those of Fräulein Janauschek, from Dresden, to declaim Schiller's "Song of the Bell." The concert took place in the Central Hall, a building in which, at other times, cheap concerts and balls are given, and which can hold above 2000 persons. Every nook and corner was occupied, and the audience seemed never tired of applauding. The concert commenced with Schumann's Quintet, the Herren David and Dreyschock taking first and second violins, M. Vieuxtemps the viola, and the Herren Jaell and Steffens the piano and violoncello. The acoustic properties of the Central Hall are not appropriate to music of this class, which, well as it was played, sounded poor compared with its performance in the Gewandhaus a few evenings previously. The other numbers do not call for special remark. The three *virtuosi* dazzled the audience with the brilliancy of their execution, and were applauded to the echo. To the musician the greatest treat was afforded by Dr. Gunz's beautiful and expressive singing in an air from "*La Dame Blanche*," and in *Lieder*, by Schubert and Schuman. Of Fräulein von Edelsberg I have so recently spoken, I need not now say more. Fräulein Janauschek's declamation, good as it might have been under other circumstances, was quite out of place in a concert already far too long. Mr. Ullmann may well be content with the reception of his *troupe* in Leipsic and with the spoils he has carried away.

The 12th of December, the King of Saxony's birthday, is always honoured by a special performance of the pupils of the Conservatory, he being the especial "Protector" of the music school. The most noteworthy of the youthful performers were Fräulein Friese, from Elbing, a young violin-player of remarkable promise, who played Beethoven's Romance in F. (Op. 50), and David's sparkling piece, "*Am Springquell*," and Miss Georgina Weil, from London, a niece of Mr. Macfarren's, who took the pianoforte part in Beethoven's great Trio in B flat, and acquitted herself excellently. Fräulein Scheuerlein, from Halle, who, at a very short notice, sang Händel's "Pious Orgies," made a more favourable impression than is generally the case with the Conservatory singers. It is the custom on these occasions that a *Salvum fac regem* should be composed by one of the pupils. This year the composer was Herr Theodor Gaugler, from Gempen, in the Canton of Solothurn. His work deserves commendation as a piece of solid part-writing.

I find that the paragraph in one of my former letters, referring to Herr Plaidy's retirement from the Conservatory, has given rise to the idea that he has withdrawn from the exercise of his profession. This is not the case; he still continues to devote his invaluable experience as a teacher of the pianoforte to the instruction of parish pupils.

Brussels, Dec. 21st.

The past week has been a succession of triumphs for our Théâtre de la Monnaie, which is, we hope, rising at last from its prolonged depression.

"*Bouchard d'Avesne*" is the name of the opera performed, for the first time in Brussels, on Friday last. *Bouchard*, priest of the Chapter of Orleans, who has cast off the gown to take up the sword, and thus become one of the most powerful warriors of Hainault, has been named tutor of the Princess *Marguerite*, daughter of *Bauldwin* of Constantinople. He has loved and married her, previous to this. For two years the young couple's happiness has seemed complete; but the Pope becoming acquainted with it refuses to pardon the delinquent. *King Philip Augustus*, to rid himself of *Bouchard d'Avesne*, whose politics interfere with those of France, intercedes with *Jane* of Flandres, elder sister of *Marguerite*, who confines the unfortunate lord in the Castle of Rupelmonde, where he is put to death.

We do not here renew our criticisms, as we presented them to the public on the first performances of this opera at Ghent and Liège

about a twelvemonth ago; suffice it to say, that the *mise-en-scène* is of surpassing richness; old Flanders of the middle ages, seems to revive on the stage of the Monnaie. The authors, Messieurs Van Peeneu and Miry, were enthusiastically applauded, and recalled by H.R.H. the Duchess of Brabant, who warmly congratulated M. Miry on his talent and success. The house was crowded; the interpreters from first to last warmly did their duty. Wicart surpassed himself. This artist seems to be rising daily in the opinion of the public. On Tuesday last, in "*Guillaume Tell*," he sang most admirably the part of *Arnoldo*, and in the famous trio of the second act, and in the andante of the fourth, his gusto and energy won him enthusiastic applause; perhaps he rather presumed on his momentary success, in his "*Suivez moi*," too loudly sung, being merely a finish as it were, to the song of *Arnoldo*.

Here is a bit of court gossip. The Prince and Princess Galitzin, who have set the example of acting private theatricals, offered to H.R.H. the Duchess of Brabant to transfer their amateur performances to the Castle of Lacken, in honour of King Leopold's 74th birthday, and to cheer the monotony of the Royal residence. The King, who purposed a short stay at his property in the Ardennes, declined the princely offer, and we doubt its being renewed this winter. For lovers of laughter, there is Charles de Bernard's "*Les Pommes du Voisin*" at the Parc and "*La Dame aux Camellias*" for those who seek more sentimental diversion. Our winter concerts have decidedly set in with the frost. We will just mention that of the artists *réunis*, where Jourdan, and Mdlle. Lichtmay, greatly distinguished themselves. The former has a splendid voice, wanting however in musical training. Of the orchestra, the least said the better. We have registered too many good things this week to tarnish them with our disapprobation, be it ever so small.

The success of the second concert of the "Cercle Artistique," with the aid of Messrs. Beumer, Collyns, Martin, and Gouchon for the pianoforte, was greater even than that of the first.

The Société Philharmonique inaugurated its first series of entertainments by a grand concert, followed by a ball. Messrs. Holbyhem, of the Théâtre de la Monnaie, sang most ably the "Praise of tears ("*Eloge des Larmes*"), of Schubert, and Mr. Roger, first prize of violin of our conservatoire, executed several pieces with true artistic feeling and pathos. We must not forget Mr. Deley, whose performance on the hautboy has assigned him a place in the orchestra of our Theatre Royal. The youthful and bonnie Madame Fise had her share of success. We feel sure more will be heard of this lady's musical career in later years. Carlo Patti is at present at our conservatoire, where he is studying the violin, and promises to be a star in the musical world at some future period.

Calabresi has been re-elected director of the Theatre of Liège. Bruges has had to cease its performance. The performance was interrupted, and seems to be in a position very similar to that of the theatre at Antwerp. "Paque," our violon, is obtaining great success in Lyons, and intends shortly to visit Holland and London.

Much patriotic and artistic feeling burst forth at the inauguration of the statues of Counts d'Egmond and de Horne at the Grande Place of Brussels, on Friday last. The burgomaster made a very appropriate speech on the occasion.

ENGLISH AND FRENCH REHEARSALS.

To the Editor of *The Orchestra*.

SIR,—*Punch*, in his humorous suggestions for the conduct of a rehearsal, seems to have taken a hint from the angry preface to "*The Iron Chest*," which Peake has preserved in his "Memoirs of the Colman Family."

Punch gives a ridiculous picture of the minute details of a French rehearsal. But everybody who has witnessed a performance at one of the leading Parisian theatres must be aware that it is owing to the extreme care taken in all the preliminary stages that the pieces are produced with so much completeness. Every actor is not only perfect in his own part, but seems fully to enter into the spirit of the scene. Much is due to the polished ease and graceful action of the French; but what gives a charming air of reality to the piece is that the actors seem perfectly unconscious of the presence of any one but themselves. Some of our own best performers, who have been careful observers of the usages of the Parisian stage, have evidently noted this, and profited by it. Madame Vestris was so fascinating because to the ease, the vivacity, and the grace of the French school she added the more solid qualities of the English. Another of the most delightful of our actresses, who, with the single exception of Mrs. Yates, was superior in such dramas to all her contemporaries, added to her already high reputation by her admirable personation of the *Maid* in the "*Maid and the Magpie*," and the heroines of other pieces translated from the French. So thoroughly did she identify herself with the character she was representing that we were tempted to forget it was not real life, but acting that we were witnessing. In "*Two Words*," the spell-bound silence, and dumb show of *Rose*, the servant girl at the house in the forest had an indescribable effect, and was exquisitely beautiful, and perfectly true to nature; and the general impression amongst the audience was that only Miss Kelly could have played it so finely. The "*Innkeeper's Daughter*," too, had a great run, from her admirable performance of *Mary*. It is highly to the credit of the French theatres that not even the lowest comedian would attempt to "poke his fun" at the pit, without creating the most unequivocal signs of disapprobation. In two of our finest light comedians, Mr. C. Matthews and Mr. A. Wigan, we recognise the advantage of an intimate acquaintance with the Parisian stage.

Those who have perused the "Memoirs of Madlle. Clarion," which abound in excellent precepts and reflections on the art of acting, will be able to trace many of the causes which render the performances of the French theatre so delightful, and amongst these the great care that is bestowed on the rehearsals may be fairly reckoned.
—Your obedient servant, JOHN MOODY.

THE NIGHT BELL AND WITCHES OWN GALOPS.

To the Editor of *The Orchestra*.

SIR,—I don't like going into newspaper controversies by any means, but perhaps by your kindly inserting these few lines in your widely circulated musical paper the *Orchestra*, you will let some people know who is the composer of the *Night Bell Galop*, for I find in almost every paper where this galop is mentioned in the Band program, some other composer's name is put to it. I have seen Jullien, D'Albert, Gungl, Coote, Strauss, Vincent, and several names put to my *Night Bell Galop*. However, I just take the liberty of writing to you to inform you that neither of the above-named composers have any claim to even a bar of it.

Meantime I am aware that they do not wish to do so, but some conductors in writing programs are not very particular at times, what names they put to a piece. However, the *Night Bell Galop* is my composition, and the words in the chorus are by the bandmen of my band. While I am writing to you on this subject, I just take the liberty of mentioning another instance in putting another person's name to my last new galop *The Witches' Own*.

A military band was playing at Aldershott at the Officers' mess, and when finishing the program the last piece was *The Witches' Own* galop. The Officers happened to have the pianoforte copy by J. P. Clarke, or the Bandmaster would have sworn black was white that it was by Strauss which name he inserted to it in the program.
I am, &c., J. P. CLARKE.

Theatres.

1. COVENT GARDEN.
"*Trovatore*;" "*Masaniello*;" "*Bride of Song*;" "*Love's Ransom.*"

2. HER MAJESTY'S.
This theatre has been closed all this week to allow of the preparations for the pantomime.

3. DRURY LANE.
Closed.

4. PRINCESS'S.
"*Born to Good Luck*;" "*The Streets of London.*"

5. LYCEUM.
"*My Wife's Out*;" "*Ruy Blas*;" "*The Bear-Faced Impostors.*"

6. HAYMARKET.
"*The School for Scandal*;" "*No Song, No Supper*;" "*Our Mary Anne.*"

7. NEW ADELPHI.
"*The Workmen of Paris*;" "*Doing Banting.*"

8. OLYMPIC.
"*The Girl I left behind me*;" "*Hidden Hand*;" "*My Wife's Bonnet.*"

9. STRAND.
"*The Wilful Ward*;" "*Milky White*;" "*Mazeppa.*"

10. ST. JAMES'S.
"*The Baronet Abroad; or, the Rustic Prima Donna*;" "*A Lesson in Love*;" "*Woodcock's Little Game.*"

11. ASTLEY'S.
"*The Double-bedded Room*;" "*Mazeppa.*"

12. NEW ROYALTY.
"*The Demon Lover*;" "*Snowdrop*;" "*My Dress Boots.*"

13. SADLER'S WELLS.

Although the glories of Boxing night are yet a sealed book, glimpses here and there may be had of them, and predictions go forth in advance. We are enabled this week to give the principal business of Miss Marriott's pantomime, premising that it is written by Mr. Charles Millward, and is topical both in incident and allusion. The curtain rises and discloses a view of "Black Mary's Hollow, Bagnigge Wells, and Pestilential Abode of the Water Poisoners." *Mother Shipton* (Mr. S. Foote), who has taken refuge here under the assumed name of *Black Mary*, relates to her companions how she has succeeded in diverting the waters of the Islington springs from their natuaral channels, and the assembled witches revel in the anticipation of the evils arising from a general scarcity of pure water. In the vicinity of the Witches' Cavern, but hidden by rocks, and closed by enchantment, is the inexhaustible Crystal Stream, and guarding this stream is the fair *Roseleaf* (Miss Ethele Tummers), a daughter of the tyrannical *Bailiff of Islington* (Mr. William Ellerton), who has been imprisoned here from her infancy, and until her release is effected by mortal power, *Mother Shipton* and her associates can ply their nefarious trade with impunity, *Telegram* (Miss Harrison), a fairy attendant upon *Aqua* (Maggie Campbell), the Spirit of the Stream, disturbs the Witches' revels, and informs them that *Roseleaf's* imprisonment will soon be at an end. Scene the second introduces us to the tyrannical *Bailiff of Islington*, who is roughly dispensing (in) justice in the Old Hall of Islington. His *other* daughter, the ugly *Grumbolino* (John Mordaunt), is *presented* to the assembled courtiers, but the gift is unanimously refused, and the unlucky damsel receives the "cut" direct from her father's dependents. A deputation of citizens arrives with a lamentable account of the sufferings of the inhabitants through want of water, and *Telegram* appears with a message from the King, in which the *Bailiff* is commanded, on peril of his head, to obtain a supply of fresh water for the suffering people of Islington and Clerkenwell. In his desperation the *Bailiff* offers the hand of his daughter to him who shall discover the Crystal stream, but the assembled courtiers, do not manifest an eager desire to compete for the prize. The next scene displays a view of Sadler's Wells two hundred years ago. Here *Mother Shipton* is dispensing the waters to *Grumbolino* and others. *Popinjay* (Emma Anstey), a gay young city spark, being smitten with the charms (?) of *Grumbolino*, announces his intention to set forth in quest of

the magic stream, and the *Bailiff* gives his ready sanction to the undertaking. In the meantime, *Hugh Myddelton* (Lizzie Wilmore), a goldsmith's apprentice, has quitted his situation in search of adventure, and after reading the *Bailiff's* proclamation, announces a determination to explore the hidden stream, "as he has long had that water in his eye." A romantic glade in the enchanted forest shows us the first stage of the journey undertaken by the adventurous youths. *Popinjay* is the first to arrive, but, being intercepted by *Mother Shipton*, he is sent to the *right about*, when his way should have been *over the left*. *Hugh Myddelton* then arrives, weary and disheartened, seeks repose on a favoured bank, and in sleeping is shown how the enchantment of *Roseleaf* can be dissolved and he resumes his journey, determined "to win or die." The following scene discloses the Sylvan Retreat of *Aqua* and the Wood Nymphs. After the ballet, *Popinjay* appears, but is speedily put to flight by the Wood Nymphs, whose examination is too close to be agreeable. *Hugh Myddelton* is more fortunate. He calls aloud for *Roseleaf*, when the Crystal Stream is at once disclosed, when the *Bailiff's* daughter is seen in close attendance thereon. *Hugh* and *Roseleaf* fall in love with each other, but their joy is interrupted by *Aqua*, who informs them that much remains to be done before the machinations of *Mother Shipton* can be effectively overcome. *Hugh* is commanded to proceed to Court and make known to the *King* the important secret he has discovered. Afterwards, he is to demand from the *Bailiff* the hand of his daughter. "St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell" is next disclosed, with the *Bailiff* and *Grumbolino* awaiting the return of *Popinjay*. *Hugh Myddelton* appears and announces the discovery of the stream, but the *Bailiff* treats him as an impostor, and orders him to be conveyed to the deepest dungeon in Islington. The next scene is the "Hall of Mirrors" in the *Bailiff's* palace. *Roseleaf*, having followed her lover, finds herself, for the first time in her life, in the haunts of man. Perplexed and delighted with what she beholds, she approaches a large mirror, and is startled by the reflection of her own form in the glass. This reflection dissolves the last link in the spells of *Mother Shipton*, as the Magic Stream followed *Roseleaf* from the Enchanted Forest, and became the property of mortals as soon as the girl beheld her face in a glass. The *Bailiff* recognises his long lost daughter, and, grateful for the services rendered by *Hugh Myddelton*, orders that youth to be set at liberty. It is found, however, that *Shipton* has succeeded in conveying him to her cavern, and he is on the eve of being sacrificed, when, by the aid of *Aqua* and her active satellite, *Telegram*, the *Bailiff* and his followers are guided to the spot, and a happy change is effected to the glittering scene of the transformation, the harlequinade being coustituted by *Roseleaf* (columbine), Miss A. Batty; *Hugh Myddelton* (harlequin), L. Carera; *Bailiff* (pantaloon), Mr. W. Lacy; and *Popinjay* (clown), Mr. W. Buck. The scenery by Mr. W. A. Broadfoot, Mr. H. W. Williams, T. Gray and assistants. The music, Mr. T. Berry. The comic business, Mr. M. Buck. The dances and ballet by Mdme. Louise. The whole produred under the immediate and personal superintendence of the talented directress, Miss Marriott.

14. Marylebone.

"Lady of Lyons;" "Village Festival."

The annual benefit of Mr. J. A. Cave, the manager of this theatre, which took place on Monday evening, was a decided success. The entertainment commenced with Bulwer Lytton's ever welcome play "*The Lady of Lyons*," in which Mr. Warner, of the Princess's, sustained the character of *Claude Melnotte* in a most effective, gentlemanly, and artistic manner; to the manifest delight of his auditors. This impersonation was totally devoid of rant, its chief fault being a somewhat over restraint of power, from a fear of falling into error. Mr. Warner was most ably seconded by Miss Agnes Burdett as *Pauline Deschappelles*, who infused a great amount of womanly love and tenderness into the part; indeed we have seldom seen it better played. The *General Damas* of Mr. P. Hannan was a very excellent performance, and E. B. Herberte was an efficient *Beauseant*. After the play Mr. F. Thomas, acting as Mr. Cave's substitute, delivered a neatly-worded address, written by Mr. Litchfield Moseley, which was received with enthusiastic applause. In the "*Village Festival*" which followed both Mr. Cave and Mr. Vernon Rigby appeared. The house was crowded.

15. Surrey.

"The Orange Girl;" "Hearts at Fault."

16. Britannia.

"Dick Whittington and his Cat;" "Aurora Floyd;" "The Mother's Dying Child."

17. Victoria.

"Life in Lambeth;" "The Wedding Eve."

18. Pavilion.

"The Life and Death of Dick Turpin."

19. Grecian.

"Whitefriars;" "Little Red Riding Hood;" "Dick Turpin's Ride to York."

20. Standard.

"The Fool's Revenge;" "The Forty Thieves."

21. City of London.

"The Spirit Captain;" "The Huguenots."

THE DWARFS AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

Several thousands have been attracted to the Crystal Palace this week to see no fewer than four dwarfs, all related, or to be related—one of them famous when most of the men of the present generation were still in their teens, and the rest even smaller than the famed Tom Thumb. General Tom Thumb—having returned with his wife and small family from Paris, has consented for one week to give daily receptions in the Crystal Palace. The diminutive circle is made by Mrs. C. S. Stratton's sister, Miss Minne Warren, and by Commodore Nutt. The general gives a very sensible excuse for breaking through his original intention of keeping quiet during his visit to Europe. People, he says, won't let him alone when he goes to see any of the wonders of "The Old Home," and he thinks if he shows himself and his wife for a week or so at the Crystal palace that he will fairly earn the right to go about as a private visitor to this country, and may at the same time do a good turn to his sister-in-law and her intended husband by showing how much smaller they are than himself.

These little ladies and gentlemen appeared in one group in front of the great Händel Orchestra, and faced some four thousand spectators in the transept, which spacious area was fairly crowded. The seats of the orchestra itself were also in great part filled, and the reception which our small American cousins experienced was enthusiastic. They, too, had come to see as well as to be seen—to spectate the spectators, if we may be pardoned the use of a congenial Americanism—and to survey the wonders of a really wonderful structure. Casting their eyes gravely to the crystal arch above them, they seemod to agree in the opinion that it was tall.

General Tom Thumb, otherwise, Mr. Charles S. Stratton, Mrs. Charles S. Stratton, Miss Minnie Warren, and Commodore Nutt are assuredly as diminutive as it would be possible, under the most happily unfavourable conditions of nature, for them to be expected to be. Their plan of exhibition at the Crystal Palace is to hold a private reception, at an increased charge, in a room leading from the Egyptian Court. At this reception the baby is on view. It is a healthy and well-proportioned little girl, thirteen months old; and yesterday it manifested some very decided views on the subject of private receptions in general, and the attendant practice of unlimited kissing and huggings in particular. In truth this unfortunate babe was overwhelmed with so much feminine admiration, that, as another and another bonnet advanced to smother its innocent face, the innocent face was a prey to emotions more uneasily imagined than impossibly described. Toys were brought it by the chief worshippers; but not for dolls untold would it submit patiently to caresses beyond the two hundred and ninety-fifth.

The Palace is such a capital place to spend a winter day in that very many went down early, and passed away the time in seeing the Shakespeare House, in buying toys for Christmas, in admiring Mr. Brown's really beautiful medals to commemorate the opening of the Clifton Suspension Bridge, in having their portraits taken—in doing some of the thousand things which are open to all who go to Sydenham.

[Advt.] The number of patients relieved at the Hospital for Diseases of the Heart, 67, Margaret-street, Cavendish-square, was 102 during the week.

Letters from the Rev. Sir F. Gore Ouseley, Bart., M. A., Mus. Doc., Oxon., and other clergy and gentry, testifying to the marvellous effects of "Clark's Neuralgic Tincture," in Neuralgia, Tic-douloureux, Face and Tooth Ache, Ague, Nervous Head Ache, Brow Ague, Nervous Debility, etc., may be had of the proprietor, W. W. Clark, M.P.S., Dorking, Surrey. Sold by all Chemists, in bottles, at 1s. 6d. and 2s. 9d.—[Advt.]

THE CHRISTMAS AMUSEMENTS.

For some weeks past the different departments of our theatres, large and small, have been actively engaged in preparing entertainments usually provided by them at this season of the year. The outlay has far exceeded those of any previous year, and it is evident that nothing has been neglected to render them still more brilliant. The major portion of the minor houses will produce their pantomimes on Christmas Eve, and not a few have announced morning performances for Boxing Day; while some of the larger houses, for the convenience of juveniles home for the holidays, intend giving morning performances on other days. For the benefit of our country readers we have subjoined an account of what is to be done:—

Her Majesty's.—This theatre is to have its pantomime this year too. Byron is its author, and its title is "*The Lion and Unicorn Fighting for the Crown.*" The scenery will be on a scale of magnificence never before attempted at Her Majesty's, and the whole will be replete with fairy-like and mechanical effects. The pantomimsts are of the highest talent, in addition to which a one-legged clown will make his appearance. A morning performance of the pantomime will take place every Tuesday and Saturday. On Wednesday next a new comic opera by W. C. Levey, the libretto by H. Farnie, will be produced.

Covent Garden.—The first pantomime under the auspices of the new Company, is to be called "*Cinderella; or, Harlequin and the Magic Pumpkin and the Great Fairy and the Little Glass Slipper,*" and is sure to be produced with the same care that has already marked the productions at this establishment. In it the Paynes will appear, supported by the celebrated Donato. There will be a morning performance of the pantomime every Monday, and an extra one on Saturday, Dec. 31st.

Drury Lane.—Mr. E. L. Blanchard's successful pen has again supplied the Christmas annual here. It is entitled "*Hop o' my Thumb and his Eleven Brothers; or, Harlequin and the Ogre of the Seven League Boots,*" and bids fair to surpass in beauty all its predecessors. A morning performance is announced for each day next week commencing on Tuesday, and every Tuesday and Saturday till further notice.

Princess's.—The Christmas novelty is to be a burlesque by Messrs. Bellingham and Best, entitled, "*The Magic Horse and the Ice Maiden,*" a morning performance of which, in conjunction with an abridged edition of "*The Streets of London*" (retaining the scenes of Charing Cross and the House on Fire), will take place every Saturday and Monday, commencing December 31st.

Haymarket.—In addition to Mr. Sothern, who will appear in his successful character of *Lord Dundreary*, and also in *David Garrick*, we are to have an extravaganza from the prolific pen of Mr. Byron, founded on one of the Countess d'Alnoy's fairy tales, entitled, "*Princess Springtime.*"

New Adelphi.—"*The Workmen of Paris*" will be the prominent feature here, and will be followed by a short burlesque, in which Messrs. Toole and Paul Bedford will appear for the first time since their provincial engagements.

Olympic.—Mr. Horace Wigan is determined that his establishment shall not be behind in the production of a Christmas novelty, which is to be supplied by Mr. Burnand, and entitled "*Cupid and Psyche.*"

Strand.—"*The Grin Bushes*" is the title of the burlesque here, and is almost sure to be as successful as its predecessors, being penned by Mr. Byron and represented by a company only to be found at the Strand.

St. James's.—This theatre will be opened on Monday night under the management of Miss Herbert. A new comedy is to be produced, and will be followed by a burlesque by Mr. Brough, entitled "*Hercules and Omphalie.*"

Astley's.—"*Jack Sprat, the Three Blind Mice; or Big A, Little A, Bouncing B, the Cat's in the Cupboard and She Can't See,*" is the name of Mr. E. T. Smith's pantomime; in the harlequinade, Mr. Milano, the famous harlequin, is to make his appearance as clown. There will be a morning performance every day of the pantomime.

New Royalty.—The burlesque of "*Snowdrop*" will retain its place on the bill of this pretty little theatre for some time to come.

Sadler's Wells.—"*Sir Hugh Myddelton; or, The Fairy of the Crystal Stream,*" and the "*Bailiff's Daughter of Islington,*" by Mr. C. Millward, is the title of the Christmas novelty here, and is to introduce Buck, of Surrey notoriety, to the Islingtonites. The first performance will be on Christmas Eve.

Lyceum.—"*Ruy Blas*" will continue to be represented during the Christmas holidays, in conjunction with a farcial, Oriental extravaganza entited "*Bear-Faced Impostors.*"

Marylebone.—"*The Bronze Horse*" is sure to receive every attention at the hands of Mr. Cave, and will, we doubt not, achieve a great success. Christmas Eve will be the opening night.

Surrey.—This theatre will retain its reputation by the production on Monday of a pantomime on the historical name of "*Richard Cœur de Lion.*"

Britannia.—"*The Busy Bee and the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street*" will be, as usual, placed upon the stage with every care. The clever dancing and singing of Mrs. Lane will again find favour with the public.

Victoria.—"*Baron Munchausen,*" as a pantomime, will be produced on Christmas Eve, and is sure to attract overflowing houses. Kitchen is the clown.

Pavilion.—Mr. Cheatham has written a pantomime entitled "*St. George Dragon,*" which will be produced on Christmas Eve.

Grecian.—"*Punch and Judy*" is the name of of the pantomime here, and is written by Mr. G. Conquest, which will be performed on Christmas Eve. H. Wright is the clown.

Standard.—"*Dame Durden*" is to be produced on Christmae Eve, and is to vie in magnificrnce with anything yet attempted on the stage. G. Boleno will be clown.

City of London.—Mr. Nelson Lee, the greatest of pantomine writers, has, of course, written the pantomine for his own theatre. It is entitled "*The King of the Golden Valley,*" in which Little Huline will make his bow before an east-end audience as merry clown.

Crystal Palace.—The amusements here will be on a very liberal scale, and will doubtless be well patronised by the public. Wombell's menagerie will be found adjoining the tropical department. At dusk the palace will be brilliantly illuminated for musical promenade.

Polygraphic Hall.—The Christy Minstrels, who were successful at St. James's Hall, will appear nightly during the holidays, and give their inimitable entertainment.

The Polytechnic.—There is to be an entire change of program for the Christmas holidays. New Ghost Lecture by Professor Pepper; Magic by Herr Whautkins; and new Music Lecture by R. Coote, Esq.

St. James's Hall.—Professor Anderson has announced the termination of his season, which will take place on Saturday, January 7th.

Agricultural Hall.—This popular place of amusement is to open with a Spanish Equestrian Company, who will perform some of the most astounding feats ever witnessed in any circus.

Madame Tussaud's.—This celebrated exhibition of wax-work will amply repay a visit during the holidays.

The Strand Musick Hall.—The comick strength of this establishment has been largely increased, in which may be found the names of Nash, Aubrey, Steele, the Dashwoods, Donaldson, Adams, Buckingham, and Vance. Miss Stanton, the new soprano, has been engaged. A visit will delight the holiday-makers.

Royal Alhambra.—This elegant place of enterment is announced to open on Boxing Night, with a grand lyrical and terpsichorean entertainment, under the management of Mr. Frederick Strange, late of the Crystal Palace. The programme is a very attractive one, and the names which it contains are sure to draw large audiences.

The Oxford.—Offenbach's beautiful comic opera of "*Orphée aux Enfers*" will still prove attractive to the holiday folks, as well as a host of other entertainments.

Canterbury.—A new pantomime, with fresh novelties, will be offered to the public during the holidays, and will be sure to be appreciated.

The Philharmonic.—Great preparations have been made for the introduction of new singers and music on boxing night.

The Regent.—This music hall has changed hands, and the prices of admission have been reduced; but no alteration in the attractions, which will delight the holiday makers.

Weston's Will.—"*Item.*—I owe some obligations to Mr. Garrick; I therefore bequeath him all the money I die possessed of, as there is nothing on earth he is so very fond of.

AMERICA.

New York, Dec. 3rd—Donizetti's opera "*Don Sebastian,*" was performed for the first time last week, before a very crowded audience. The plot is somewhat of an African story, and rather dark-coloured and cloudy; it is not quite so incomprehensible as that of Meyerbeer's much anticipated opera, but it has its full share of nonsense and stupidity. We wonder whether it was the gloomy aspect of this opera, and the gloomy reception it received almost everywhere in Europe, which induced Meyerbeer to hold back his opera so long. It is fortunate that African opera in general is of a more cheering character, else our negro minstrels would fare very badly.

We will not attempt to give a description of the plot; we will simply say, that in the first act the *King* saves the African lady; in the second act the African lady saves the *King*; and in the remaining three acts they continue this business, until at the end they find out that it is by no means saving to themselves.

The music gives the impression that the composer intended to do his very best with it. We are told that he spent fully two months upon it. Considering that it usually took him but a fortnight to compose any opera, we must give him credit for having made a very extraordinary effort. Well, it cannot be denied that the treatment throughout shows care and consideration for truthful expression, as much as it is in the power of any Italian composer to give it. The orchestration is undoubtedly the best Donizetti has written for any of his operas. It is anti-Italian, while the melodies are chiefly Italian, although this opera was composed for the French stage. However, these very melodies show that it is not always wise for an Italian composer to be careful; for they lack, with very few exceptions, invention. It seems Italian music must be dashed off, else it becomes tedious. Any other of the wholesale operas of Donizetti has more real melodic power than "*Don Sebastian,*" although in some respects this is undoubtedly the best he has written.

It gives us pleasure to say, that the *mise en scène* of the opera was exceedingly good, and that the performance, under the direction of Mr. Carl Bergmann was highly creditable to all concerned.

It is not necessary to maintain that Paris is the hub of civilization and Niblo's Saloon the rendezvous of all refinement, to establish the fact that Mr. Juignet's enterprise is decidedly and deservedly a success. The French Theatre is henceforth one of the institutions of this cosmopolitan city, and its *clientelle* is composed of the *élite* of American society as well as of the numerous French residents of New York. And with reason: for where else can an evening be so profitably and pleasantly spent? The company is not composed, as generally at American theatres, of one or two good stars, and the rest of more than indifferent actors, who seem to have been engaged merely as a foil to the two or three whose names are displayed in the bills in large capitals. At Mr. Juignet's there is no bad acting; the valet whose part is comprised in one or two speeches, does that part well, and if it be only a "Oui, monsieur," or a "Non, madame," these phrases are not so given as to make a blot on the whole performance.

Those of our readers who have once visited Niblo's Saloon, under the management of M. Juignet, need no invitation of ours to come again. Those who have not yet been there, will thank us for calling their attention to it, after once having made the experiment for themselves.—*New York Musical Review and World.*

Boston, Nov. 29th, 1864.—Since our last writing, the German Opera Company has completed a very successful season of four weeks. The "*Huguenots*" was repeated to a crowded house on Wednesday evening of the last week, and, as we predicted, its performance was a great improvement on the first. The "*Huguenots*" is, mechanically considered, a great work; a magnificent structure, evincing immense care and skill on the part of the composer. But to our mind it is not the work of an inspired, imaginative genius.

I stated in my last that "we have a partial promise of '*Tannhauser*' and '*Mireille.*'"

Manager Grover redeemed his "partial promise" by giving us a *part* of the operas. One act of "*Tannhauser,*" Thursday evening (with "*Fidelio*" to fill out), and one act of "*Mireille,*" Friday evening (with "*Nachtlager in Grenada*"), was all we were permitted to hear of the new operas. We were so much pleased with the one act of "*Tannhauser,*" that we shall anxiously await an opportunity to hear the remainder of it. We can hardly say the same of "*Mireille.*" The season closed Saturday afternoon with Flotow's "*Stradella.*"

During the past two weeks we have had quite a revival in the way of musical enteratinments. Friday afternoon, Nov. 4th, Mr. Theodore Habelman, of the German opera troupe, assisted by Miss Addie S. Ryan, Messrs. Julius Bernstein and N. Neuendorf, gave a concert at Chickering's. The weather was stormy, and the house not half full. Mr. Habelman is one of the sweetest concert singers that it has been our fortune to hear in a long while. Miss Ryan sang several ballads very acceptably. But the habit which she has acquired of *mouthing* her words detracts very much from the effect of her singing.

Another Thanksgiving—State and national doubled—has passed. Thanksgiving is a Yankee institution, and, till within a few years, was hardly observed outside of New England. In other parts of the (dis)United States, Christmas was considered the principal holiday, when the "goose hangs high." But now the turkey has gained a national reputation, second to that of no bird except the American eagle, and one day in the year, at least, the turkey reigns supreme. We have always entertained a strong faith in New England ideas—"Yankee institutions"—and believe that eventually they will prevail. We already see evidences of this being true. Jeff. Davis—although ignoring the American eagle as an unclean bird—has fallen in love with the American turkey, and appointed a day of Thanksgiving.

Amusements of all kinds flourished Thanksgiving-day and evening to an extent unprecedented. The most important entertainment, musically considered, was the concert at Music Hall, by the leading artists of Castle and Campbell's English opera troupe. Mr. Castle had already acquired a favourable reputation here in his singing for the Handel and Haydn society; but he has improved much since then.

The Actor and the Refugee.—A writer in the *Grand Journal*, after giving an account to Bouffé's late benefit at the Grand Opera, which produced him a clear profit of 17.000f., states that he had the curiosity to ask Bouffé by what extraordinary means he had obtained the signal favour of giving his last performance in that theatre. Bouffé explained the mystery in the following terms:—"In the summer of 1847 I was performing at London with considerable success, and among the pieces which found most favour were the '*Gamin de Paris*' and '*Michel Perrin.*' One evening I had got through the former, and had retired to my dressing-room, when I heard a knock at the door. 'Come in,' I exclaimed, with some impatience, for I had to transform myself into *Michel Perrin*, and I was afraid the intruder would hinder me, as I had no time to spare. I was pleasantly surprised by the entrance of Count d'Orsay, who had always been my good friend, accompanied by a friend unknown to me. 'My dear artist,' said the Count, 'I have taken the liberty to bring with me one of my friends, a Frenchman, who never saw you play till this evening, and he wishes to thank you for the gratification you have afforded him.' The stranger then eulogized my performance, and added, 'Were I not afraid of incommoding you, I would ask permission to remain here while you dress. I have just applauded you in the character of a youth; I know you are now about to appear as an old man, and should much like to witness the mysteries of your wonderful transformation.' Count d'Orsay having added his request to the stranger's, I consented, and my metamorphosis was completed in less than a quarter of an hour, just as a signal summoned me on to the stage. I then turned to my visitors, and said, Gentlemen, *Michel Perrin* salutes you.' Count d'Orsay's friend then thanked me heartily for having satisfied his curiosity, and we went downstairs together. Before we parted, Count d'Orsay said, in a whisper, 'Should you like to know the name of your visitor?' and on my replying in the affirmative, he said, 'Well, it is Prince Louis Bonaparte.' 'The late prisoner at Ham?' I inquired. 'Himself,' said the Count. About two months since, when I was preparing for my benefit, a friend asked me whether it was to take place at the Gymnase, and I replied that I intended to obtain permission for the Grand Opera. 'The Opera!' he exclaimed, 'are you mad?' In order to realize my design, I addressed a petition to the Emperor, and took the liberty of reminding Napoleon III. of the visit paid to me in London by Prince Louis Napoleon. The next day but one my petition was sent to the proper parties, with the words, 'For M. Bouffé, yes! yes! yes!' written on the margin in the Emperor's own hand. And this is how my benefit took place at the Opera instead of at the Gymnase."

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